



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

WIDENER



HN UF2I J

AROUND THE WORLD

Geog 4218.89.5

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY



THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
(CLASS OF 1882)
OF NEW YORK

1918



TRAVELLING IN JAPAN.

THE WORLD AND THE WORLD SEVEN HUNDRED

BY

JOHN J. JONES

NEW YORK

1900

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



o
AROUND THE WORLD
IN SEVEN MONTHS

BY
CHARLES J. GILLIS
=

Printed for
Private Distribution

Presentation Copy

Geog 4218.89.5

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JENSEN WENDELL
1918

COPYRIGHT, 1891
BY
CHARLES J. GILLIS

Press of J. J. Little & Co.
Astor Place, New York

J. O. Rourke Esq.

With the Compliments
of the Author

C. J. Gillis

June 29th 1893.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I.—FROM NEW YORK TO YOKOHAMA	I
II.—YOKOHAMA	9
III.—TOKIO	15
IV.—NIKKO	20
V.—MIYOSKITA	23
VI.—KOBÉ	28
VII.—OSAKA	32
VIII.—HONG-KONG	34
IX.—CANTON	40
X.—HONG-KONG	47
XI.—SINGAPORE	52
XII.—ON BOARD THE "KAISAR-I-HAND"	58
XIII.—COLOMBO.	62
XIV.—NEWAVA ELIYA	67
XV.—ON BOARD THE "ROHILLA"	71
XVI.—CALCUTTA	77
XVII.—DARJEELING	82
XVIII.—BENARES.	86
XIX.—LUCKNOW	91
XX.—CAWNPORE	94
XXI.—AGRA	96
XXII.—DELHI	100

CHAPTER	PAGE
XXIII.—JEYPORE	106
XXIV.—BOMBAY	112
XXV.—ON BOARD THE “KHEDIVE” . . .	116
XXVI.—THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL . . .	120
XXVII.—CAIRO AND THE PYRAMIDS . . .	124
XXVIII.—JAFFA	133
XXIX.—RAMLEH	135
XXX.—JERUSALEM	137
XXXI.—JAFFA	141
XXXII.—ON BOARD THE “POCCIR” . . .	143
XXXIII.—CONSTANTINOPLE	148
XXXIV.—CONCLUSION	155
DISTANCES TRAVELLED	159



AROUND THE WORLD IN SEVEN MONTHS.

CHAPTER I.

FROM NEW YORK TO YOKOHAMA.



AT 9.50 on the morning of the 8th of September, 1889, I boarded the vestibule train of the New York Central Railroad, at Forty-second Street, New York; and having travelled on the principal railroads around the world, I can truly say that no train which has ever carried me, has approached this one in luxurious ease, comfort, and safety. The train rolled into the Chicago depot at 9.50 the next morning—exactly twenty-four hours. I was detained in Chicago for two days, and then left by the Rock Island route for San Francisco.

At Ogden we were detained two days by

the burning of a bridge built over a ravine—one hundred feet long and about the same height. The fire destroyed the massive snow-sheds and great trees for a long distance. The fire took place Friday. Telegrams were sent to Sacramento, and the next day word came that twenty-one carloads of material had been sent with mechanics to erect a new bridge.

The new bridge was erected in four days. Our train was the first to pass over it, and I remarked how substantially the new erection had been constructed. We reached the summit at noon, and the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, at midnight.

On the 21st of September we went aboard the steamer *Rio-de-Janeiro*, built for the southern trade—370 feet long, 38 feet wide, 3,500 tons; six tubular boilers, each 13 feet diameter, 10½ feet long. I remarked what heavy consumers of coal such shaped boilers must be, and the engineer said there was no room to put in any other kind.

I found myself the sole occupant of a large and well-ventilated state-room. At 3 P.M., Captain Ward, standing on the bridge, gave the signal, and the voice of an officer sang out, "All ashore that's going." Sev-

eral hundred Chinese men and a dozen women, in showy dresses, crowded the wharf. The friends of the missionaries on the wharf sang a parting hymn. The big propeller started. A tug pulled the ship's bow around, and away we went on our voyage of 4,700 miles across the Pacific. We passed the Golden Gate and the Seal Islands—covered with huge seals—and then on toward our destination.

I soon made the acquaintance of most of the passengers, forty-five in number—including fourteen missionaries of the Presbyterian Board, nice young people, going out to their duties in China and Japan. I took my seat at the dining-table, and found that I had at my right an agreeable companion, a captain in the German army, and at the left a charming miss of ten, Bessie, daughter of J. de Romero, secretary of the Spanish Legation to China.

The first week out was a rough one. The weather was bad, and the ship rolled fearfully, so that we could not walk on deck. The waves were immense, and consequently nearly every one was sick. I felt a little nausea for a couple of days, but soon did duty regularly at the fine feast placed before

us three times a day, the specialty being splendid California fruits—peaches, plums, grapes, and oranges, any of which would bring a prize in an agricultural show.

Day after day the tireless engine drove the propeller. The splendid ship rushed on and on, not a moment's stop the entire distance. Not a sail or a steamer seen from port to port, and not even a whale. Once some porpoises and flying-fish, and once, when a thousand miles from land, a land-hawk lighted on the cross-trees, and proceeded leisurely to feast on a captured bird, and during the night flew away.

The never-ending water was very impressive in its desolation. Better weather came, the ship was steady, and we could walk on deck. My little friend and I romped along the deck from end to end in safety, but once a rude wave threw us down, and dashed us against the sides of the vessel, taking off some inches of skin from me, but the child was unhurt, and I did not mind a little thing like that.

I had early made the acquaintance of Mr. Mathews, the chief engineer, and once went into the hold and inspected the boilers and machinery of the huge ship. I spent a

good deal of time in the chief engineer's room, listening to strange tales of ship and shore.

On the 9th inst., as we were approaching our destination, I was shown an engrossed resolution complimenting the captain, beautifully illustrated with a pen-and-ink sketch of the ship by Señor Romero. After dinner one of the passengers was selected to make the presentation address. He said :

"Ladies and gentlemen, fellow-passengers by the good ship *Rio-de-Janeiro* : I act with pleasure as chairman on this auspicious occasion, and congratulate you on the near termination of our long trip across the great Pacific Ocean, rendered safe by the skill of the navigators and pleasant by the efforts of the officers, one and all. I have been many times across many seas, sometimes in magnificent floating palaces, but never on one so neat and clean, and where every detail has been so carefully attended to.

" ' O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire and behold our home.'

" Our only home indeed for a brief period

of time. But who can fail to remember the pleasant acquaintances made, even if we go around the world? For 'they that go down to the sea in ships; that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.' Even if we look upon the lofty Himalayas, the Alps, the Apennines, and the Juras, and linger about gigantic Mont Blanc and her white-robed sisters, or the beautiful Jungfrau, or sail along the classic shores of the blue Mediterranean—wherever we go and whatever we see, the scenes on this good ship will be photographed, as it were, on our memories as long as we live—the romps on the deck, perchance with a charming miss; or the tramp, tramp with military regularity with those of mature age; the hours of looking upon the moonlit sea, listening to the song and music of our missionary friends. God bless them and their cause!

"The temporary annoyance of sea-sickness will be forgotten. And now, fellow-passengers and friends, let us resolve that, like the passion-flower of the wilderness, which always bears within its bosom the true cross, we will bear within our bosom the true cross of 'enmity toward none, charity

and good-will for all,' and thus we shall be an honor to ourselves, the dear ones at home, the country we came from, and our God.

"Captain Ward, by direction of the passengers on this ship, permit me to present to you an engrossed resolution, signed by all of us, and beautifully illustrated by Señor Romero, and expressing the hope—which has been so often said before on like occasions—that your voyage through life may be as safe and pleasant as you have made ours. I bid you farewell."

The captain made a suitable reply, and the company all stood up and drank his health.

One more night on the ship; and the next morning we sighted land and passed along near it for forty miles. It was a rough country, evidently of volcanic formation, and not so thickly populated as I expected to see, considering that there are thirty-eight million people in Japan. At last we cast anchor in the splendid harbor of Yokohama, one of the most commodious and beautiful in the world, where a tug took us off the ship. We were detained an hour or two at the custom-house, and then each took a

jinrickisha, a low, two-wheeled chaise with a man between the shafts, who trotted up to the "Grand," the most perfect of hotels. We went directly to our rooms, which had been previously engaged.



CHAPTER II.

YOKOHAMA.

YOKOHAMA, Oct. 12, 1889.



THE Grand Hotel, where I am located, is very large and first-class in all respects. It is two hundred feet long, fronting the matchless bay, with an extension along a canal of two hundred feet.

From the room I occupy, I look down upon the canal and a fine bridge which spans it. Across this bridge goes a constant procession of men, women, and children, some horses and carriages, and occasionally a single ox drawing a cart. But everything looks so different, and is managed so differently from what one has been accustomed to, that I am more and more impressed with the idea that I am no longer in this world, but in some wonderland beyond the stars.

The view of the bay from the front of the hotel is said to be, by some, the finest in the world. The harbor is very large, and could float all the navies of all nations. At anchor,

in different directions, are iron-clad warships, English, French, German, Italian, Russian, and Japanese—only one showing the stars and stripes, an old side-wheel boat, about as large as a Brooklyn ferry-boat, and of course about as useless.

One of the naval vessels flying the British flag is an immense iron-clad of six thousand tons. With the commander, Captain May, I became acquainted. He has on board an Armstrong gun of one hundred and twenty tons, the largest I think ever made, which will throw a bolt of half a ton a dozen miles, and penetrate through a wrought-iron plate twelve inches thick.

The captain expressed himself as having serious doubt of the efficiency of such monster ships and guns in actual warfare, as smaller, swifter crafts could run around them, and have great advantages in that respect.

Most of the coal used in this part of the world comes from England, and is consequently very high-priced.

The harbor is crowded with many large passenger steamers, and a great fleet of fishing craft. Toward evening the latter presented a beautiful appearance, coming in.

I took a short walk beyond the canal and

over steep hills. There are few horses or oxen to be seen. Most of the transportation is done by men. A two-wheeled cart, loaded with perhaps five hundred bricks, was being pushed up a steep hill by eight men, who rested often and were much fatigued by their exertions.

Last evening our party started for a moonlight excursion along the smooth and finely macadam-paved streets of the city. Under the guidance of one of our number, *jinrickishas*—the national cab for transporting light packages and passengers—were called. The translation of this word is *pullman-car*, and thus we have the extraordinary coincidence of the same name for a crude vehicle, drawn by a man, and for the splendid Pullman palace cars of America, which, with the Wagner, so far surpass in elegance and comfort all others.

Away we went at a tremendous pace, each having a Chinese lantern, my carriage leading. We passed through well-lighted streets, lined with stores filled with showy goods, into the suburbs, a mile or two away, and stopped at a tea-house, where we were received with much bowing and ceremony by the women in charge, who spoke a little

English. We were shown up a narrow stairway into a small hall, and a bargain was made for a national performance by two musicians and ten dancing girls, who presently appeared, draped in beautiful Japanese costumes. These dancing girls were all very pretty, with their almond eyes and dark skins, and apparently not more than twelve or fifteen years old. They were the most jolly and laughing young women one ever saw. They shook hands with all the company, and then danced very nicely, to very poor music, in their swaying robes. At a signal, these robes were thrown aside, and the girls appeared in long loose dresses made of white and red material, much like the stripes on the American flag. The dancing, which was very graceful, continued for some time; but the show became somewhat monotonous. The ladies did not care to see anything more, and we came away. Again we took to the road, making a very unique procession by moonlight—passing over many bridges and boulevards, and by rows upon rows of brilliantly illuminated tea-houses—and returned to the hotel.

The natives do not wear European clothing as much as I expected. The upper part

of their persons is covered with a loose sack, often open in front, and the jolly and laughing children of ten years and under are generally entirely nude.

This morning all hands took another trip through the markets. We examined cane factories, and stores filled with silks and beautiful goods of native manufacture. Again we looked upon the street scenes and their never-ending wonders.

From my bedroom window I see a large factory for the making of ice, which is sold at a penny a pound, and is the greatest of comforts in this country. Butter and cigars are so strong and bad that I have left off the use of them, and do not expect to try them again until I get to Austria; but soda-water of excellent quality is to be had everywhere, and is a great comfort.

We spent the evening listening to the splendid Japanese Marine Band, which played lovely music for two hours in front of the hotel; all the musicians were natives. It was gayly bright at the hotel, the entire front being illuminated by paper lanterns of various colors; the big ships in the bay shown by their own numerous lamps, and the light of the full moon glittering upon

the moving waters. I have seen no such beautiful show since 1887, when, at the city of Florence, I witnessed great festivities attendant upon the unveiling of a statue of an Italian patriot; the great dome of the cathedral, the bridges, and the boats on the river Arno, the palaces on the hills, and the whole beautiful city being illuminated in the most splendid manner—but this is a digression and I must write now about Japan.

I have to-day wandered about the city alone, and have seen more of the well-to-do natives. These are better dressed—always the flowing dressing-gown pattern, and stilted and inconvenient slipper-like shoes.

Everywhere the babies are carried in bags, on the backs of their mothers, or more often by the older children. There are great numbers of babies to be seen all over the city, carried about in this way, and they always appear very happy, well fed, and comfortable.

This morning at two o'clock I was awakened by an earthquake which rolled my bed about the room. It lasted twenty seconds or so, but I did not think it worth while to get up, and soon went off to sleep again. I am told such entertainments are frequent in this country, and one must get used to them.

CHAPTER III.

TOKIO.

TOKIO, Oct. 15, 1889.



AFTER being entertained at Yokohama, on the morning of the 14th inst., with a slight earthquake, we left for this, the capital city of the empire, on a finely built and equipped narrow-gauge (3 ft. 6 in.) railroad. Every square yard of the country we traversed was in the highest state of cultivation. Distance eighteen miles, time one hour.

I noticed that the locomotives, cars, and all the equipments about the railroad were of English manufacture, from Manchester and Birmingham. I was informed that most of the twelve hundred miles of railroads in Japan were owned and run by the Government. The chief in charge is a native educated in England, who scouted

the idea that any other country could produce anything fit to be used on railroads.

We had previously engaged rooms at one of the two hotels in the city where foreigners are entertained, and after an excellent dinner, took *jinrickishas*, of which there are 80,000 in this city, and had a long run through the interminable streets. The city has a population of 1,600,000, and covers a space of thirty-six square miles, the streets being very narrow and the houses mostly of wood, one and two stories high—the stores all small.

After passing through narrow streets for some miles, we came to others, wider and lighted brilliantly by gas and electricity, through which carriages were not allowed to pass. The houses, for miles, were occupied as tea-houses, and were brilliantly illuminated, like the gin palaces of London, or the whiskey saloons of America. Great vans were passing along, on which dancing and theatrical performances were going on. There were also a good many theatres in active operation.

One of the evenings that we were in the city, these streets were occupied by an immense annual flower show, one of the feat-

ures of which was a big elephant constructed of chrysanthemum flowers of many colors. The effect was very gorgeous.

The next day we spent going about the great city and seeing its wonders, chief of which is the Mikado's palace and grounds. I called on the American minister, and asked him to get me a permit to go into the palace, but he said it was impossible, no foreigners being allowed in the palace or the grounds. The palace and gardens looked like immense fortifications, being surrounded by three moats, each a hundred feet wide, and filled with water, and by three stone walls, each thirty or forty feet high.

The palace is in the heart of the city, and I should say the grounds were two hundred acres in extent, all, including the neighboring streets, being lighted by the Edison Company of New York. I saw the superintendent who had charge of the construction of the plant, who said it took them a year to do it.

The women to be seen in the streets and tea-houses are invariably small and very pretty, except some of the married ones, who have their teeth colored black in ac-

cordance with an ancient custom, which makes them look hideous.

It is very cool in this part of Japan at this season. There is not sufficient frost to affect the crops, but one gets cold riding about—and there is no efficient method of heating the houses. There is no coal used for domestic purposes, and wood is very scarce and high. If you ask for a fire, at most hotels, they bring you a copper pan containing ignited charcoal covered with ashes, which does about as much good as a kerosene lamp. I suffer greatly with the cold, and would be glad to pay a large price for a pair of Arctic overshoes.

The price of newspapers, printed in the English language, at Yokohama, is twenty-five cents a copy, or thirty dollars per annum. They have very little news, and almost none from America.

We went through the museum, and saw many extraordinary curiosities of ancient and modern Japan. Among them was a stuffed rooster in a glass case, whose tail feathers were ten feet long. I thought there was some humbug about it, but I afterward saw a live one with tail feathers twelve feet long.

The public buildings are modern, large, and handsome, and the people very polite and good-natured. The streets are narrow. Great crowds are everywhere. It seems to me that I must have seen a hundred thousand people to-day. Everything about the city is strange, often disagreeable and offensive. A couple of days in it is quite sufficient, and I shall be very glad to go away to-morrow.



CHAPTER IV.

NIKKO.

NIKKO, JAPAN, Oct. 20, 1889.



E left Tokio on the 17th at 6.46 A.M., for a station called U t s u m o r a m a, ninety-three miles. Arrived at noon, and, after an excellent lunch, started in *jinrickishas* for this place, and a most extraordinary and unique trip it proved to be.

The road was built hundreds of years ago by a Shinto king, and is an admirable example of engineering; well drained, and with an excellent foundation of small stones, which needed only a top-dressing and a steam roller to make it as good as any in Europe. It is lined on both sides with immense pine and cedar trees. Many of these trees are twelve feet in diameter; and often the roots are grown together, so that four or five trees look like one. They are sixty to eighty feet high, and afford an excellent shade.

The distance from the railway station to this place is twenty-five miles, and we made it in four hours with two men harnessed to the *jinrickishas* tandem. We made only one stop of half an hour for lunch, which we brought with us, and ate at one of the numerous tea-houses.

We arrived at 4 P.M., delighted at the wonderful sights, but much fatigued and very cold. Rooms had been engaged for us in an excellent hotel, excellent in all respects except that there was no way of heating, unless with pans of charcoal. I suffered greatly from the cold, though I had warm clothing, including a heavy overcoat which had done me good service the previous winter at Montreal when the thermometer stood at thirty degrees below zero.

Near the hotel are a dozen or more costly and grotesque edifices, much adorned with carved-wood statues of horrible-looking beasts and devils, covered with bronze and gold. There are temples of Buddha, and gorgeous mausoleums of kings who died five hundred years ago, situated in a park of big trees; but looking at them, though interesting, was not agreeable, and I was quite satisfied with one visit.

To-day we made an excursion to a lake among the mountains, five thousand feet high. I was furnished with a mountain horse which proved an ugly brute ; kicked and stumbled, and put the bit between his teeth, so that I could not control him, and he nearly trotted the life out of me. We went up and along the winding paths, passing numerous waterfalls, one of which was 750 feet high, and at last reached the lake, which is of great beauty. The mountains rise directly from the water's edge. They are covered to their very tops with green trees, the leaves of which have a singular feathery appearance.

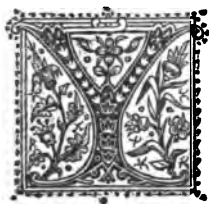
The tea-houses where we stopped for lunch were models of cleanliness and comfort. We brought our own provisions as usual, but had in addition a boiled fish just taken from the lake.

We stopped in and around the tea-houses for some hours ; and then I mounted my ugly brute of a horse and rode back to the hotel, a much used-up man. I was glad to get a bath and to retire early.

We returned to the railway station by the road we came, and again made the distance in four hours, with only one stop of fifteen minutes.

CHAPTER V.
MIYNOSKITA.

MIYNOSKITA, JAPAN, Oct. 24, 1889.



YESTERDAY at 10 A.M. we left Yokohama, arrived at the railroad station at twelve, and reached this favorite watering-place, among the mountains, in four hours by *jinrickishas*. Our rooms had been engaged in an excellent hotel, called Fujiya, and soon after our arrival a fine dinner was served of soup, fish, roast beef, sago pudding, and other delicacies, to which we did ample justice. The waitresses were all pretty native girls, dressed in their native costumes; there were a dozen or more of them about the hotel. These waitresses were pleasant, jolly, and very polite, but very small in stature; some of them walked under my outstretched arm, and all of them might have done so.

I have a fine front room, and look out upon the surrounding mountains, which are

very lofty and covered with green trees. This is an ideal mountain resort—great mountains, a roaring river winding some hundreds of feet below the road, and numerous water-falls ; the water rushing down into the river. From one point of view I counted seven water-falls, and found on trial that one of them came from a hot spring far up among the mountains, and the water was quite warm when it reached the road. I walked along the road for several miles and found it wonderfully romantic everywhere. The road itself is a fine specimen of engineering, very expensive to build, and almost as good as the famous one built by Napoleon III., from Geneva to Chamouni.

We are here rather too late in the season to thoroughly enjoy the place and surroundings, it being cold and the methods of heating houses imperfect, but in summer it must be perfectly lovely.

There is another hotel being erected near the one we are in, and I was much interested watching their method of work. They required a lot of earth for filling in, and were transporting it in baskets from the mountains above. Two men would fill a basket, suspend it across their shoulders by

a bamboo pole, dump it where wanted, and return for more. I longed to present them with a wheelbarrow, and show them how to move earth ten times faster than they were doing. It would appear that there are no saw-mills in this country, for the men were sawing out boards and timber by hand, to use in the construction of this hotel. A stick of timber a foot or two in diameter was arranged with one end resting on the ground, and the other placed on a wooden horse four or five feet high; a man then mounted the stick and laboriously sawed out boards with a hand-saw. The workmen had no clothing on except a breech cloth, and were all doing constant and faithful service for, as we were informed, ten hours a day; the pay being ten cents per day. For similar service in our country, as every one knows, mechanics are paid from \$2.50 to \$3.50 per day.

We left the hotel at nine this morning and took a trip among the mountains to Lake Hakone. I selected my horse this time, and he proved an excellent animal, a small, shaggy fellow, kind and easy trotting, but much given to stumbling and letting both heels fly if another horse came near,

which little amusement of his nearly unseated me several times. We went up six thousand feet over the worst of mountain roads, but my animal walked carefully, often along narrow paths, where a fall would have tumbled us hundreds of feet below. I enjoyed the ride very much. It took six horses and seven chairs to accommodate our party, each horse having a man to attend to him, and each chair carried by four men, making a large procession. We arrived in two or three hours at an hotel on the lake, and after an excellent lunch took boats and crossed over to near the foot of Fusi-yama, the horses and men going around to meet us.

Fusi-yama is the brag mountain of Japan, the only one of much size in the empire, and is universally known and photographed in all possible ways. It is fourteen thousand feet high, and is, as I write, covered with snow, and presents a beautiful appearance from the lake.

We landed and walked over the mountains to the place where the horses had been sent. The sun was terribly hot in some places, and in others the only path was along the bed of dry brooks. We passed over the crater of an active volcano,

steam and smoke rushing out near the path. The guide said it was dangerous to wander from the path, and pointed out where two native guides had fallen through and had not been seen since. There was no wandering after this fact was stated. After two or three hours of dreadful fatigue, we found our horses, and I was very glad to mount my shaggy old fellow, who carried me safely over slippery rocks, along narrow paths, and a road (where there was any) as bad as a road could be, arriving at the hotel at six, much fatigued, but in good form and ready for the excellent dinner which was waiting our arrival.

After thoroughly enjoying this delightful spot for two days, we started down the mountain road in the morning and came along in *jinrickishas* at a tremendous pace, making the distance—fourteen and one-half miles—to the railroad in two hours. We reached Yokohama at 7 P.M., in season for a fine dinner.



CHAPTER VI.

KOBÉ.

KOBÉ, JAPAN, Nov. 7, 1889.



ON the 2d inst. we left Yokohama by the Japanese steamer *Omi Mars*, Captain Island Vrise. During the afternoon we passed an island on which is a volcano in eruption. It is 2,550 feet high, and was a pretty sight as seen from the steamer. We arrived at this fine city at 5 P.M., and were soon in comfortable quarters at an excellent hotel, and, as it was very cold, I had a grate-fire in my room, which I enjoyed very much. The city is beautifully situated near the shore, with great mountains for a background, and the harbor is very fine. As usual, big steamers and crafts of all kinds were to be seen, representing England, France, Italy, Russia, and other countries—but Stars and Stripes there were none.

We left on the 4th by rail for Kioto,

arriving there at 5 P.M., at a really splendid hotel, as fine as any in Europe. The city is a very old one, and one of the largest and most interesting in Japan; great numbers of temples and palaces, and, in and around it, most lovely scenery. Some of the temples were erected seven hundred years ago. In the evening I went with a party and called on the American missionaries, who were holding a monthly meeting at one of their houses. They have a large college building, and all seem greatly interested in their work.

The next morning we started early to make the famous Oigawa Rapids excursion. The entire party, except two ladies, went in *jinrickishas*, over bad roads, through immense fields of rice, vegetables, and tea-plants, and then up a rough mountain road. Once my cooly's carelessness tipped me over, but, as good luck would have it, toward the cliff and not into the rushing river, so no harm was done. We had to leave the vehicles several times, the road having been badly washed out a month ago by a big typhoon, which caused floods and great disasters all over the island. Some thousands of lives were lost, and there was great destruction of property.

We stopped once to rest, and then went through fields for a mile or two to the river Hodza, where we took three flat-bottomed boats, manned by three boatmen each, and passed down over numerous rapids, and through what in California would be called a cañon—mountains from two thousand to three thousand feet high, clothed with verdure to their tops. The river is from two hundred to three hundred feet wide and full of rocks, and was really, it appeared to me, very dangerous; but the boatmen were skilful, and we did the distance, seven miles, in one and one-half hours. We had lunch at a tea-house, and returned by another route to the city, passing through other fields and seeing an immense number of children everywhere. We arrived at the hotel at 5 P.M., the excursion being pronounced by all to have been the most interesting we had enjoyed in Japan.

On the 6th inst. we left the city at 9 A.M. in *jinrickishas*, and passed along a splendid wide national road for seven miles, to Lake Viwa. We met great crowds of people on foot coming to the city, and numerous trucks loaded with stone, timber, rice, and vegetables. Occasionally a single bullock

would be drawing the vehicles, but generally this was done by two to four men. We met two processions of ten trucks, each loaded with stone. The trucks were drawn by prisoners, with a soldier to guard each truck. The prisoners were comfortable-looking, and appeared as jolly as any of the travellers. They were building a canal from the lake to Kioto, nine miles long, four miles of which they said was a tunnel. I examined a part of it, and found it to be of excellent construction. We arrived at the lake at noon. After lunch we went aboard a small steamer, and proceeded to a point where there was a famous temple, and landed. But looking at temples in this country has become monotonous, and I spent my time sitting under a wonderful pine-tree, which is eight feet in diameter, with limbs trained out for fifty feet horizontally each way. We steamed around the lake for an hour or two, and returned by the same road we came, reaching the hotel at six. I found a good fire in a stove in my room, which was very acceptable.

CHAPTER VII.

OSAKA.

OSAKA, JAPAN, Nov. 8, 1889.



WE left Kioto at 10 A.M. this morning by rail, and arrived in this remarkable city at 11.15. It is a most interesting place, having a large number of canals and bridges, in which respect it resembles Venice more than any other city. It is the second city in size and importance in the empire, having about a million and a half inhabitants, and numerous industries, such as cotton factories, etc.; also the imperial mint, which we visited.

The machinery of this mint was all made in France—with one or two exceptions, of English make—and is very fine. This is the most exclusively native city we have visited, there being only seven resident foreigners, and only one American, from Charlestown, Mass., who is here for two

years to superintend the erection of a brush factory.

There are numerous large boats constantly passing through the canals, heavily loaded with cotton and all kinds of goods, showing an extensive commerce. Toward evening I took a walk across a long bridge, and rested myself on a seat in a small park overlooking the river; but the people stopped their work to look at me to such an extent as to make it disagreeable, and I returned to the hotel. The next morning we returned to our old quarters in the hotel at Kobé.



CHAPTER VIII.

HONG-KONG.

HONG-KONG, Nov. 18, 1889.



LEAVING Kobé on the evening of the 8th, by the Peninsular and Oriental steamer *Ancona*, we arrived here at seven this evening. This line of steamers has the contract for transporting the English mails all over the Eastern waters, including Australia, Japan, and China, and has in commission fifty-four vessels, some of them of 6,000 tons, representing 7,000 horse-power.

On the 14th and 15th we were steaming through the famous inland sea, the beauty of which could hardly be exaggerated by a writer of a poetical turn of mind, passing between Nipon, a large island, on one side, and many hundred smaller ones on the other. The channel would often be near the shores, where we could see the villages and cultivated land. The islands being vol-

canic, were in all sorts of fantastic shapes; one called the Asses'-ears was very funny looking. The water is very clear and blue, the islands largely cultivated and clothed with green to the summits of their mountains.

On the morning of the 15th the steamer dropped her anchor at Nagasaki, and we all went ashore sight-seeing and shopping. We rode about through long streets, and called at several factories and stores; among others, at a place where was made a variety of shell-work, which was very pretty. I made some purchases.

The owner of the place spoke English, and I recommended him to send an exhibition of his goods to the fair which was expected to be opened in New York in 1892, and he astonished me by asking what country New York was in. But life being too short for me to teach him the rudiments of geography, I paid for my purchase, and came away.

We went to see more temples. In the grounds near one of them were two small trees, and on a stone near it was engraved, "Planted by Mr. and Mrs. Gen. Grant, 1879."

We had an excellent lunch at the Hotel

Bellevue, took another trip around the city, and came back to the ship at 6 P.M.

The harbor is one of great beauty, nearly landlocked, and surrounded by hills covered with verdure. It was crowded with ships, three Russian men-of-war, one American, and several English.

Nothing could have been more lovely than the trip from Nagasaki to this port—the sea as smooth as a pond, weather warm, and everything quite agreeable and comfortable.

We came up the bay last evening between four and six. It was a splendid show. One of the finest harbors in the world, eleven miles long and from two to five wide. The islands and mountains covered with verdure.

The island of Hong-Kong was taken possession of by the British after the war with China in 1842, and now has a population of one hundred and forty thousand.

We left the steamer after dark in a tug, and had a fine view of the city of Victoria; the streets and buildings covering the hills for a long distance, and the vessels in the harbor being brilliantly lighted, presented a splendid appearance as we approached.

We soon took possession of rooms previously engaged at the Hong-Kong Hotel,

and found it to be in all respects first-class, including an Otis elevator furnished by their London house. The waiters are all Chinese, tall and good-looking, and dressed in long blue night-gowns or frocks.

This city surpasses Gibraltar in the number of nationalities one sees in the streets, every nation on earth appearing to be represented, and I am much interested in looking at them as they pass.

The policemen are a sight—tall, black fellows from the Malay Peninsula. Their uniform is the same as worn by those in New York, except a large red turban, which gives them a very imposing appearance.

Passing for a mile or so alongside the water front between 5 and 6 P.M., I found that hundreds of boats had returned from fishing, or other business, and were tied to the piers, bows on, giving me a chance to see this phase of Chinese life, which had always interested me when reading about it. They were all having their suppers—a family of ten sitting in a circle, with a big bowl of food, apparently rice, in the centre. Each person had a small bowl, which was often replenished, and the food eaten with chop-sticks. The boat was their home, their

sole residence. In one case a small boy was eating and his mother was boxing his ears very roughly. Except the children, no one paid any attention to me; this being an English city the people are accustomed to foreigners.

One morning we called *jinrickishas* and went on a ten minutes' trip to the foot of the mountains, which are back of the city, and there entered a cable tramway car, which took us up a very steep incline, a mile or so, to a station, and then we took sedan chairs and continued our trip to the top of Mount Victoria, 1,825 feet high. From there we looked down upon the bay, the city, many islands, and the mainland of China on the opposite shores—a scene of unsurpassed magnificence. The big steamers in the beautiful bay looked like canoes on the calm waters of an inland lake.

The island is a series of mountains, over, around, and through which are built splendid roads, near which are many beautiful residences, where the governor and wealthy people reside.

We looked about for a couple of hours and then took the tramway down. Some of the more timid of the party preferred to

come all the way down in the sedans, and said they had a delightful trip.

The sedan I was in was carried by two men, who were very picturesque, their bronzed bodies shining in the sun. Their bare feet pressed the ground with a sure tread. Sometimes I have seen a sedan carried by four men with white trousers and red sacks, their heads covered by large bamboo hats, and altogether presenting a very attractive appearance.

The thermometer on the top of Mount Victoria registered only sixty-five degrees, but I never felt such heat in July at home. However, when in Japan I suffered so much from cold weather that I am quite glad to have some of the other kind now.



CHAPTER IX.

CANTON.

CANTON, Nov. 21, 1889.



FROM Hong-Kong we sailed on the 21st inst. at 8 A.M., for this city, by the fine English steamer *Hankow*, Captain Lloyd, and arrived at 2.30 P.M.

There being but one hotel here, the Oriental, and that a very poor one, we made use of the English passenger boats as hotels during our stay, and found them excellent in all ways; large, clean rooms, and table very fine, including all kinds of wines and beer furnished gratis, and wood-cock and snipe every day.

Leaving the beautiful harbor of Hong-Kong, with its immense fortifications, we passed into the Canton River, a mile or two wide for many miles from its mouth, and having high mountains on each side, covered with green trees and grass. There were

great fortifications all along, armed with big Krupp guns. We saw large numbers of the national boats, called *sampans*, and many villages, houses, and tents.

As we approached Canton the river narrowed to about a thousand feet, and I was able to closely observe the country. Banana trees lined the shores for many miles, sugarcane and rice fields stretched as far as I could see. Scattered all along the country and in the city, big brick buildings, one hundred feet square and six stories high, were very prominent. These were pawnbrokers' establishments.

As we approached the city, the largest building seen was a Catholic cathedral, with two great towers; a splendid edifice, but not yet finished.

We had an excellent lunch on the steamer, and then went in sedan chairs to call on Mr. Charles Seymour, the United States Consul, and his wife. After being kindly entertained in their beautiful residence, we returned to the boat, and spent the remainder of the day and evening watching the wonderful life on the river.

There was a ferry-house near, and I learned that the cost of ferrying across the

river was one-fifth of a cent, and that a howling swell could have a boat alone for one and a half cents.

After a good dinner at seven, and a good night's sleep, we all took sedan chairs, three men to each chair, the conductor ahead with the native guide, Ah Cum, a fine-looking Chinese gentleman with finger-nails two inches long, and the entire day was spent in sight-seeing.

All the streets of the city are from four to ten feet wide, no sidewalks, and are paved with granite blocks a foot wide and six feet long. The houses all have shops in front. We did not see one private house in the city outside of the foreign settlements. The buildings are mostly two stories high, built of brick, and the stores have no glass or other fronts; all open to the street.

The streets are crowded with an immense mass of men, women, and children, nearly all with no clothing above their hips, and as our men pushed their way along, yelling and screaming, the people would stop, crowd around us with wonder, but were never impolite.

We passed along many miles of streets, lined with stores of all kinds, the butchers'

shops displaying dead rats hanging up, and once I saw the carcass of a large dog with the hair scalded off lying on the butcher's table ready to be cut up for customers.

It has rained here for two days, and the streets are very dirty and bad-smelling. There is no system of sewerage, no horses or draught animals. Everything, including all kinds of sewerage and slops and building materials, is carried along by men, women, and children. Frequently there were such masses of people going and coming that traffic would be clogged, and we had much difficulty in getting through.

To write of all the extraordinary things I have seen to-day would require a big book, and I can therefore only mention that we went to a flour mill and saw them grinding wheat by stones forced around by blind oxen, just as they used to do in Bible times in Palestine.

We went into a jail and saw poor wretches in irons with wooden collars around their necks; and on the street two of them were in the stocks, their hands and feet confined. The court-house was near, and some of our party attended a trial which had been progressing for some days. The wife of the

judge saw there were ladies in the party, and invited them into an interior room and entertained them with tea.

The prisoner was accused of forging the deed of a house and land belonging to one of his wives, and selling her furniture, all valued at two thousand dollars. Several witnesses proved that all this was so, and the wife appeared with her marriage certificate. At the moment when our party arrived, the prisoner was on the stand. He denied that he was married to the woman or had ever sold any of her property. The judge was very angry, and said to the prisoner that he was the greatest liar in China, and ordered that he should be punished with 150 blows with a bamboo stick then and there. He was thrown down, and held by several men, while another struck the blows with great severity on his bare back, causing the poor wretch to yell with agony, so that he could be heard far out on the street, as well as in the interior room where the ladies were drinking tea. After fifty blows had been given, the man was asked to confess, but he refused and was given fifty more; and the native guide said that he would no doubt have his head cut off in

a few days. We saw on our route a beautiful club-house, and a clock two hundred years old, made to go by water. Lunch was served in a splendid seven-story pagoda on a hill outside of the city wall, from the top of which we looked down upon one section of the city and an immense cemetery. A part of this was devoted to rich men's tombs, all above ground, the peculiarities of which were that the coffins were all in sight. After lunch we were again rushed through the crowded streets, stopping at many shops, some of the party purchasing largely of silks, satins, crockery, and curios; and at six we returned to the boat, a very much instructed but fatigued party.

In the evening I was greatly interested in watching what was going on in the family boats, called *sampans*, which were anchored between our boat and the shore. I counted from the steamer 164 of them, with their sterns toward us. Each boat had a kerosene-oil stove, and in a frying-pan they were preparing their suppers, which consisted apparently of rice. I noticed that when the woman who was stirring the food wished to moisten it, she dipped water from the river, in which was floating all the filth of the

great city. Each member of the family had a bowl which he dipped into the food, and proceeded to eat with chopsticks.

There are many thousand of such boats on the river, the only homes of their occupants.

We spent another day in Canton, going about in sedan chairs, steamers, and *sampans*, and saw many places and objects of interest; but two days have been quite enough for this city, and I was glad to get aboard the fine steamer *Honam*, Captain Febor, which left at 5.30 P.M., and arrived at Hong-Kong at 1 A.M., we all going directly to the rooms retained for us at the hotel. Here I had the pleasure of meeting a lady from New York, Mrs. R. H. L. Townsend, who is making a tour around the world, accompanied by another lady, and has accomplished the trip thus far without trouble, being everywhere received with distinguished consideration.



CHAPTER X.

HONG-KONG.

HONG-KONG, Dec. 3, 1889.



WE have been detained here ten days, awaiting the arrival of a P. and O. steamer, for which we were booked, but have passed the time in a very delightful manner.

I went nearly every day to the park and public gardens, of about twenty acres, situated several hundred feet above the main street, laid out in the best manner, and containing a great variety of trees and flowers, such as grow only in tropical climates. On one occasion a friend and myself were sitting on a bench near a handsomely dressed Chinese gentleman. My friend said: "See what a handsome girl is coming, and how beautifully she is dressed, but how deplorable that she has such little feet." I agreed with him, and said it was a pity such a pretty creature was obliged to submit to a

barbarous custom like that. The Chinese gentleman spoke to us in excellent English, and said: "Do you think so? That is my daughter, and while I agree with you, we feel obliged to make her feet small or no Chinese gentleman would marry her."

We made apologies, which were kindly accepted, and in a long conversation with the gentleman we learned much of China, he being a resident of Canton who had been educated in the United States. I cannot agree with my Chinese friend that it will be so long a time before China will be opened to European civilization, for her 332,000,000 people are beginning to feel the pressure of surrounding nations; Russia on the north, and England, Germany, France, and Italy on her sea-coasts, and, above all, the example of the wonderful advances made by Japan, are having strong influences upon China. China has now for a Prime-Minister Li Hung Chang, a very great man, the equal of Bismarck or Gladstone, and the young emperor has very advanced ideas. Just now we read in the newspapers that Li Hung Chang had caused a system of railways to be laid out, to run all over the vast empire, but it appears that

the religious authorities have some sort of a veto on political actions, and because one of the gates at Peking had been destroyed by fire, which they attributed to the anger of the gods on account of the attempt to build railroads, the invention of "foreign devils," they would not consent, and consequently the railroad plan was abandoned for the present. There is only one railroad in the empire, up north, running from a coal mine to the sea, eighty miles long.

The emperor has, in his extensive palace grounds at Peking, a miniature railroad, much like the one which was in the grounds of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876, with a locomotive and car attached, which was built and presented to him by the French, and he is said to be very much pleased riding about on it.

I think it a misfortune to China, and to this country, that our great general, Ulysses S. Grant, was not permitted to live a few years longer, for through the great friendship of Li Hung Chang for him, and the high regard in which he was held, not only by all the rulers of the Asiatic countries, but by the people themselves, it is more than likely that we would have seen China

opened to modern civilization, as Japan has been, and the United States of America reaping the advantages of close commercial relations with her, and at the same time amicably restricting the emigration of her people to this country.

One afternoon we hired a steam yacht and went about the harbor and partly around the island. We stopped to examine a dry dock, where a large steamer was being repaired, and I was delighted to see that one of the big pumps used for pumping the water out of the dock was made by the A. S. Cameron Co., of New York, for you do not often see anything in this part of the world to remind you of home—kerosene oil, Singer's sewing-machines, and clocks being about all. The English appear to supply nearly everything to the countless millions of this Eastern country, owing, of course, to the fact that their government does so much to forward the interests of her merchants and manufacturers, and I think it only right to say that wherever you see a British flag in this part of the world there follows it Christianity, civilization in all its advanced phases, and safety to life and property, and not anywhere is the great contrast between

civilization and semi-barbarism shown so strongly as in the comforts and beauties of this lovely city as against the horrors of Canton.

This is an important commercial city. The governor stated in a late message that it was the third or fourth export city in the world. There is a great deal of building going on up the mountains, the bricks for which are being carried from the vessels to their destinations by coolies, each man carrying two baskets suspended from a bamboo stick across his shoulders, each basket containing eighteen large bricks. The mountains are very steep, and the distance about two miles, so that the men can only make two or three trips a day, and their pay is five cents a trip.

The fine winding roads were alive with these men ; a thousand or more were to be seen at one time.



CHAPTER XI.

SINGAPORE.

SINGAPORE, Dec. 9, 1889.



ON the 4th inst. we left the beautiful island of Hong-Kong and the city of Victoria by the steamer *Kaisar-i-Hind* (Empress of India). The accommodations and appointments of the steamer were first-class—electric lights, plenty of ice, and every convenience.

On Sunday morning the English service was read from the prayer-book by the captain to a congregation consisting of all of the officers and most of the passengers. Before this there was a parade of the crew and servants—some sixty Lascars, black, sharp-looking fellows dressed in frocks and bright head-dresses, and looking very fine.

Yesterday was very hot. We were nearing the equator, and the captain had punkas put up in the dining cabin. A Lascar boy

pulled the strings running over pulleys and fanned us during meal times, which was very agreeable.

Again I have to note how lonely these sea voyages are. Since we left Hong-Kong, five days, not a craft has been seen, only a wide waste of water, generally as smooth as a pond.

The steamer arrived at seven in the morning, and was soon surrounded by boats, each containing two or three boys. The passengers threw silver pieces into the water, and the boys would dive after them, and seemed to get them every time. It was great fun to watch them. A little bald-headed fellow not more than six years old attracted my attention, and I threw some bright pieces near his boat. Over he went and caught them every time, and was pulled into the boat by his older companion, triumphantly holding up the pieces.

We came ashore and were soon in our rooms in the large and first-rate Hôtel de l'Europe.

We were within about fifty miles of the equator, and the heat was intense. After resting we took carriages, it being quite a comfort to have them once more, and drove

over fine roads, past splendid government and other buildings, two or three miles out to a botanical garden, said to be one of the finest in the world, all in perfect order, with trees and plants such as can be seen only in the tropics; tall trees, with clusters of cocoa-nuts on them, and the fan palm, a great curiosity to me, being in the shape of a fan fifty feet high. Pine-apples were everywhere, for this is the home of that fine fruit; big trees, covered with red and white flowers, and plants of great variety and beauty, all in a park of a hundred acres or more; houses filled with fine orchids, and others containing beautiful native birds. It was very hot—ninety degrees or so—and oppressive, but we all stood it for a couple of hours, and most of our party, who had seen many such shows in all parts of the world, said that they had never seen anything approaching this for variety and beauty. We then took our carriages and returned to the hotel for lunch, and immediately afterward went on another tour around the well-built, handsome city. Fine stores and public buildings, perfect pavements, splendid turn-outs, and all the appliances of civilization were everywhere.

No more babies carried pickapack, as in Japan and China. They were often nude, but looked well-cared for, comfortable, and happy.

The natives are of the Malay race, and their dress is of the brightest, generally a frock of white or red cotton and no trousers. We returned to the hotel at five, and after resting an hour had an excellent dinner. Being very hungry, I partook of all the courses, the dinner being *à la Russe*. One incident was particularly tropical. The ceiling and sides of the dining-room were covered with little green lizards, crawling about and catching flies. Some of the ladies were nervous, fearing that the creatures might drop into the soup or on their hair, but I did not mind, knowing them to be harmless. The landlord, who has been here twenty-eight years, thinks that I should stay here at least a week, and go on to the Malay Peninsula to shoot tigers, but I have concluded to postpone that kind of amusement until I come again. I find it best to be very temperate in this terribly hot country, limiting my beverages to soda and Apollinaris water, and am very thankful to have plenty of ice, which is now manufactured in this city and

all other large cities in the East. The P. & O. line of steamers alone spends one hundred thousand dollars annually for ice.

When I retired at night I found that they had not provided me with even a sheet for a cover; only a mosquito net. The Chinese chamber-man was sleeping in front of my door, but I did not like to disturb him, so I turned in, and it being very hot I got along very well, and had a good night's rest.

I was out early in the morning, and was greatly interested in looking at the sights of the city. They were making a park of large dimensions, fronting the water, and a hundred or more wagons were used to transport the dirt from the country. Each wagon was drawn by a pair of bullocks driven by a Malay. These drivers were bright-eyed, smart-looking men, with nothing on but a cloth around their loins, and no covering to their heads. They sat on the tongues of the wagons, and I was much amused to see that when they wanted the bullocks to turn a corner they twisted their tails, and the obedient beasts at once went in the direction indicated.

I saw a great drove of goats passing

along, as many as four hundred, and men from all countries in great variety of dress. Singapore is a very busy place, being the chief city of the Straits Settlements, whence comes a larger part of the tin used in such immense quantities all over the world. The familiar ingots of tin were to be seen on the streets and sidewalks and being trucked toward the big steamers.



CHAPTER XII.

ON BOARD THE "KAISAR-I-HIND."

STEAMER "KAISAR-I-HIND," OFF SUMATRA,
Dec. 13, 1889.



AFTER mailing letters on the 10th inst. at Singapore, we went on board the steamer at 4 P.M., and started again on our voyage. We were then only forty-five miles from the equator, and though the thermometer recorded only eighty degrees, it seemed much as if it were over a hundred. However, as soon as the steamer got under way it was quite comfortable. After a day and two nights we arrived at Penang, and at 9 A.M. went ashore, and all took carriages for a drive through one of the prettiest and hottest towns in the world. We were driven along wide, beautifully paved, clean streets for three miles to a water-fall and a botanical garden, and it was a drive well worth having. On both sides of the road were plantations

of cocoa-nut trees, bearing ripe fruit, and once I saw a large nut fall to the ground with a dull thud.

Our tough little horse, driven by a black man from India, trotted along very fast. The road was lined with many strange trees laden with fruit, and the fields near by were covered with brilliant flowers.

We got out of the carriage at the botanical garden and walked about for a short time, but were glad to get in again, as the sun was intensely hot. Returning we traversed the same beautiful road, viewing the cocoa-nut trees, the mango, and many strange and beautiful fruits and flowers.

Workmen were engaged getting out stone and paving the roads, their black backs shining in the hot sun. Here we saw travelling on the road many gayly dressed Indian women, with bright silver ornaments on their arms and in their noses. We drove around the soldiers' barracks and hospitals and through the handsome streets of the town, and at ten o'clock took a boat to the steamer, much pleased by our little trip ashore, which gave us a change before starting on the voyage for Colombo. We steamed away once more, and soon after lunch, while I was read-

ing in my stateroom, I heard a commotion on deck, and, running up, reached there just as the captain did. "Man overboard!" was the cry, and the sailors were crawling into a boat like cats. The second officer was already there, and in two minutes the boat was lowered into the water, and was off. I looked over the side of the vessel and saw that a patent buoy and life-preserver had been thrown over. With a glass I could see the black fellow swimming for the buoy, which he soon reached, and shortly afterward the boat picked him up and returned with him to the ship in just eighteen minutes from the time she left. Wonderful discipline was displayed, not a loud word being spoken. After the boat was hauled up the captain touched a bell, and away we went again.

The patent buoy before mentioned had attached to it a tin box, containing some sandwiches and a small flask of whiskey, which the rescued sailor had confiscated before the arrival of the boat.

At four o'clock one morning a boy called me to get up and see the famous Southern Cross. I at once joined the company, and looked upon four stars, which formed an

immense and perfect cross, very beautiful to behold. It was a splendid night, the bright moon shining on the water, and countless stars above, many of which are never seen except in this latitude.



CHAPTER XIII.

COLOMBO.

COLOMBO, CEYLON, Dec. 18, 1889.



IX days from Singapore, we arrived here on the evening of the 16th inst. and at once went to our rooms at the Grand Oriental Hotel, which had been engaged some weeks in advance. Colombo is the capital of Ceylon, and has a population of one hundred and twenty thousand, and many large and handsome buildings.

As we passed along the coast last evening immense groves of cocoa-nut trees were seen from the vessel, extending along the shore for thirty miles or so. It was the hottest weather yet experienced, not more than eighty degrees, as shown by the thermometer, but very oppressive.

This morning, after an excellent breakfast at the hotel, I went with all the party on a drive in and around the city. It was

dreadfully hot, and we had about such an entertainment as one might expect driving around New York or Chicago streets on a July day, with the thermometer at ninety degrees. The streets and roads are clean, wide, and in perfect order. We stopped at a large market, where the natives crowded around us, and where were tropical fruits of many kinds, some of which I had never heard of before. We passed many groves of cocoa-nut and banana trees laden with fruit, public and private buildings, and large and handsome bungalows, churches, and schools, but the people who crowded the streets were the most interesting to see—Indians, Malays, Singhalese, and Chinese, dressed in their native costumes, all industrious, orderly, and civil.

We called upon Arabi Pasha, who was banished from Egypt some years ago for heading a rebellion against the Khedive. His residence is a fine bungalow, surrounded by handsome grounds. He is a portly gentleman of about sixty-five years, speaking good English, and appeared very glad to see us. We spent a short half-hour talking with him, and then took our leave and continued our tour around the city. We saw numer-

ous shops and plantations once more, and studied the remarkable people we met, and were especially interested by the young children swarming in the streets everywhere, and looking like little animated bronze statues.

We went through a fine museum and saw a great collection of historical objects belonging to Ceylon, one being a rudely sculptured figure of a lion carved in stone three hundred years ago.

This island is the great producer of the ruby, sapphire, and pearl, dealers in which have stores near, and are allowed to come around the hotel. They are very troublesome in their attentions, and, as is common among merchants in this part of the world, ask two or three times more than they expect to get for their goods.

I intended to go up to the mines, fifty miles off, where they obtain the ruby and sapphire, but was prevented from doing so. I also wished to see the divers go after pearl-oysters, but a couple of weeks ago one of them went down in the water and never came up, a shark having caught him. Since this accident none of his companions can be induced to do any diving, and for the pres-

ent the industry, which is a very large and important one, is paralyzed.

There are no fat people in this country, and no drunkards. In a Buddhist temple, which I saw yesterday, was a painting of a drunkard. The culprit was represented in hell, enduring great agony, being pierced with daggers, and the ugliest-looking devil, with tusks like fish-hooks, standing over him, about to pull his teeth with big pincers. Any follower of Buddha looking at that picture would surely join a temperance society.

One morning, accompanied by two friends, I took a carriage and drove seven miles out into the country, through the native city, and along perfect country roads, passing through wonderful tropical plantations and beautiful flowers everywhere. Men and women stared at us as we passed, and crowds of bright, laughing children ran after the carriage, begging for pennies. One man had a basket of beautiful pink lotus flowers, one of which we bought.

At length we came to the oldest temple on the island, 2,300 years old, and where Buddha himself preached—a splendid temple, the walls of which were covered with

highly colored paintings, representing Temperance, Prudence, Fortitude, and Justice. There was the usual big statue of Buddha and the usual worshippers.

The ride was a delightful one, the children numerous and very funny, and beggars without number.

Another day we went by rail twenty-eight miles along the coast to the end of the road, the entire distance through groves of cocoa-nut trees extending as far back from the water as we could see. Once we passed under a banyan tree, the limbs of which had been trained over the road twenty feet high, in shape of an arch, then taking root and forming other trees on the opposite side. We spent the day at Lavini, a delightful sea-coast hotel, and enjoyed ourselves very much. It was quite a contrast to the hot city whither we returned for an eight-o'clock dinner.



CHAPTER XIV.

NEWAVA ELIYA.

NEWAVA ELIYA, CEYLON,
Dec. 20, 1889.



HIS is the sanitarium of Ceylon, 133 miles from Colombo and 6,200 feet above the sea level; a cool and delightful valley of a thousand acres or so, surrounded by high mountains, with a lake in the middle—a very ideal place for a sanitarium. The thermometer averages seventy degrees.

We left Colombo at 9 A.M. on the 19th inst. in a first-class car engaged for the party, and passed over a six-feet-gauge road, built in the most substantial manner, with an extra guard rail in dangerous places. There were iron bridges and stone depots at various points, each depot surrounded by a beautiful and well-kept flower-garden.

For the first fifty miles the road passed through a flat country of beautiful fields and cocoa-nut trees, and then we commenced to

go up and around high mountains, the building of the road being a great engineering triumph. The road was lined on both sides for a long distance with a hedge of the large-leafed spiked aloe, from five to six feet high, and impenetrable by man or beast, and then we began to see tropical vegetation in all its luxuriant growth. Along the sides of the road and far as the eye could see were the blooming lantana, the sunflower, and many large trees covered with yellow, white, and red flowers in great profusion. For the first time we saw tea, coffee, and cinchona plantations, the mountains being often covered to their tops with tea-plants, sturdy bushes about two feet high, and I should say that from the time we commenced to see them there were many thousand acres.

From time to time we could see the natives, in parties of fifty or more, picking the leaves and putting them into large baskets and carrying them on their heads to the dry-houses, or depots, and very picturesque they looked in their petticoats of many colors, their bare backs glistening in the sun. The natives have on petticoats when they wear anything. Generally they are bareheaded, but sometimes sport gay-colored turbans.

They are a fine race—bright, sharp, intelligent, cleanly, good-natured, and temperate. The women are handsome, and wear silver ornaments in their noses and ears.

The hotel here is an old vice-regal bungalow, and is like a private house. After getting warmed by a wood fire I retired and slept well all night. In the morning, before breakfast, I walked out to the woods to see the monkeys, but they did not appear, and I did not dare to go far from the trodden path on account of the cobras, which abound in these parts. After breakfast we took carriages down the mountain for five miles, over as fine a road as any in Europe, to the depot, and to our car, which had been retained for us, and soon we were on our way to Kandy, our next stopping-place.

A missionary accompanied us down the mountains, who had been twenty-seven years in the country, and entertained us with tales of snakes and elephants, and some account of his work in India and Ceylon. Coffee is no longer produced in Ceylon, the trees having been destroyed a dozen years ago by an insect, but an immense quantity of tea is grown, pronounced to be the finest in the world, and which is largely

taking the place of that raised in China and India.

At 5 P.M. we reached Kandy, the ancient capital of Ceylon, containing 14,000 population — a fine city, with many large buildings. There is a lake in the centre, one and a half miles in circumference. In the evening we visited a large Buddhist temple, erected to hold a tooth of Buddha, which the faithful regard as a sacred relic.

On the 21st we took carriages to the government botanical gardens, said to be the finest in the world, and of course nothing like them is possible anywhere, except in the tropics. We saw giant palms twelve feet in diameter, stood beneath the deadly upas tree and the mahogany, jujube, almond, nutmeg, clove, mango, ebony, and a great grove of immense rubber-trees, and saw an immense variety of bright-colored flowers and leaves. The gardens cover one hundred and eighty acres, and we spent two delightful hours there, after which we drove around the city and through the extensive park of the Governor; returning, we took the train at 3 P.M. and arrived at our hotel in Colombo at seven, just in season to enjoy the excellent dinner awaiting us.

CHAPTER XV.

ON BOARD THE "ROHILLA."

STEAMER "ROHILLA," NEAR MADRAS,
Dec. 27, 1889.



CHRISTMAS was a fearfully hot day in Colombo, ninety degrees or more, and I did not go out in the morning, except to look into an Episcopal church, which was handsomely decorated with flowers, the air being kept cool by fans propelled by natives standing outside.

After lunch, accompanied by two friends, I drove around the city and some miles into the country, over splendid roads. On the road we bought three cocoa-nuts for five cents, and opening one, had a refreshing drink.

We returned at 5 P.M., and at once came aboard this ship, one of the finest of the splendid fleet of the P. & O. line. The

weather, except the terrible heat, continues perfect — not a ripple on the sea, the sunsets splendid, and the starlit nights of great loveliness.

One of our party, Mrs. Brown, from Hartford, who is well up in astronomy, pointed out to me last evening many stars never seen except in this part of the world. A lady from New York, Mrs. R. H. L. Townsend, was taken seriously ill on the 23d at the hotel; she was confined to her rooms for three days, and had two doctors and a nurse; but just before I left for the steamer I was glad to see that she had recovered so as to be able to take a drive.

At the last moment the captain decided to call at Madras, where we shall be tomorrow, long enough to go ashore and see the famous city. Four great steamers left Colombo the same evening that we did, one each for Australia, Calcutta, Singapore, and Hong-Kong, one of them being a German vessel of immense size, 7,000 tons. On this steamer we have all the modern improvements: Edison lights, an excellent table, and always plenty of ice. Life on the ocean, as we have it, is very pleasant, and we get along nicely, though they tell of

terrific storms which rage here at other seasons.

The ship is full of passengers, largely English, returning from Australia, very nice, kind, and agreeable people. Yesterday a north wind sprang up and it was delightfully cool; the passengers were all on deck in groups, a dozen of the stalwart young Englishmen playing the national game, cricket; some reading, a lot of children playing, and all were happy.

In the evening we had a delightful concert by amateurs, violin playing by a young lady, parts of the "Bohemian Girl" and other operas being rendered in a superior manner.

The ship slowed up so as not to get to Madras before morning, and it was literally sailing on a summer sea; the moon sank down behind the waters in a glow, presenting a beautiful appearance. I had a good sleep all night, and at seven in the morning looked out and saw we were at Madras, between two long breakwaters. Soon breakfast was over, and we all entered a big row-boat, propelled by ten bare-backed Hindoos. The ship was surrounded by a dozen of these boats, the crews chattering and shouting, and on one occasion a boy got over-

board, but he did not mind, swam about a short time, and then got aboard, none the worse for his ducking.

We could see that there was a heavy surf beating on the beach, but when our boat struck the sand, I was lifted ashore by two strong black men, followed by the ladies of the party, conveyed in a similar manner. We took carriages and drove about the city, which is said to be the hottest in India, but we did not find it so; on the contrary, it was very comfortable. We went through the natives' quarters, and evidently they had seen white people before, for they paid no attention to us, not so much as we to them, as we were looking upon a race new to us. They had marks on their foreheads, showing the caste to which they belonged. We visited the markets, and saw that the banyan tree was quite common in the squares and along the streets, and passing on to the great fort, we looked at the big guns; then we entered St. George's Church, where there were many statues of famous soldiers who had served in India and died here. We called at the post-office, a large and beautiful building, remarked on the fine roads, the handsome appearance of the

women dressed in bright-colored robes, with silver ornaments in their noses and on their toes, and then we passed on to the ship, well pleased that we were not to stop any longer in such an unattractive place.

Sunday, December 29, 1889.

We reached the steamer at noon yesterday ; the deck was crowded with native merchants trying to sell mats and all kinds of curios, but presently they were driven off to their boats, and the ship was put upon her course, due north, everybody comfortable and happy, the sea as smooth as an inland lake. This morning we had a delightful service on deck, read from the English Prayer Book by the captain, assisted by one of his officers ; the singing, by young ladies, was particularly fine, and now and again I could detect the sweet tenor of my friend from Manchester.

Before the service the crew were mustered and reviewed by the captain. There were nearly one hundred of them, mostly Lascars, dressed in white with colored turbans, and presenting a very picturesque appearance.

Last evening I was interested to see a lady reclining on a steamer chair on deck,

and reading by the light of a portable electric lamp fastened to the back of her chair. I interviewed her husband this morning, and he informed me that it was one of Edison's inventions, and that they were now common in London, and cost twenty dollars each. They are four inches in diameter, and can be carried in the coat pocket. This one he charges from one of the lights on the ship, and it will last fifteen hours.

December 30, 1889.

We are still rushing on over a placid sea at a moderate rate, as the ship has never made more than 288 miles a day. The thermometer marks seventy degrees, with a light breeze from the north, and warm wool-len clothing is comfortable. This is a great country for learning practical temperance, none of our party having tasted liquor for a month, previous experience having shown that they were much better without it.

I noticed two young men at dinner to-day who drank two large bottles of champagne, but they will doubtless find out by experience that such indulgences do not pay in this climate. We are only 12,500 miles from New York now, and it seems quite like nearing home.

CHAPTER XVI.

CALCUTTA.

CALCUTTA, Jan. 1, 1890.



E arrived here yesterday, after a delightful trip from Madras, and at once went to our rooms at the hotel, engaged some time ago. Mine happens to be a wooden barn-like structure built on the roof of a six-story building, which gives me a chance to look down upon the famous city of palaces and immense parks—a great show, particularly at night, when the streets are illuminated by gas and electricity.

We were told that Calcutta was a dreadfully hot place, but last night I had my overcoat on, and was very comfortable, the thermometer being seventy-two degrees.

I have just returned from a tramp about the city, and find it one of the finest I have seen—population one million; splendid government and other buildings, great parks,

fine wide streets and sidewalks, and every appearance of advanced civilization.

The natives are a handsome race, dressed in their picturesque costumes. White and native soldiers in brilliant uniforms are to be met everywhere, and the whole scene is one of great beauty.

A royal prince is here to-day, the stores are shut, and a great review of soldiers is going on. The rush for rooms at the hotels is so great that I hear of a major-general of the British army who is to sleep in a bath-room near us to-night. On the morning of the 2d inst. we took a carriage drive around the city, starting at 10 A.M. and returning at 1.30.

The Botanical Gardens established in 1792 are very fine and well kept, but nothing like the one in Kandy, Ceylon. We saw the famous banyan tree, one hundred years old, the main trunk of which is 42 feet in circumference, the crown 850 feet in circumference; there being 234 roots which strike down from the branches into the earth. These roots and branches become little trees themselves. In the garden were two beautiful avenues of palm trees, each a quarter of a mile long. I was much interested in a

bridge of boats that we passed over. It was twelve hundred feet long and seventy feet wide, rising and falling with the tide sixteen feet. I have seen several bridges made of boats in different parts of the world, but none so large and substantial as this.

We went in the afternoon to the great fort, and inspected the immense fortifications, with their great guns and piles of balls. A marriage had just taken place in the garrison church, and the party were out on the lawn waiting for the arrival of carriages. The brilliant uniforms of the officers and the handsomely dressed ladies made a fine show. The church is an exceedingly beautiful one, with many costly monuments erected to keep in memory the glorious deeds of England's heroes, statesmen, and scholars.

In the great cathedral there were many splendid monuments, one to the good Bishop Heber, a name dear to the hearts of all Christians for the beautiful hymn he wrote, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," and though I have heard it sung in many churches all over the world, it always seems fresh, inspiring, and beautiful.

There was a beautiful monument to Lord

Elgin, who was Governor-General of India, and before that, of Canada, in whose history I had a personal interest, having seen him, and obtained from his hands a marriage license at Montreal in 1847.

We went to a public building, in the yard of which was marked out the size of a prison known as the Black Hole. It was underground, 18 x 25 feet, where, the 20th of January, 1756, one hundred and forty-six persons were confined, and the next morning only twenty-three were alive. In one of the churches near was a monument erected to the memory of Job Charnock, a sailor, who, before Calcutta came into the possession of England, came ashore with a boat-load of companions to see the sights. They saw a widow placed on a funeral pyre all ready to ignite and burn her alive, which was the custom in those days. The natives set fire to the wood, which was too much for the gallant sailor; so he rushed in and saved the woman, and, it is related, subsequently married her, and settled down as a merchant in Calcutta, where he became rich.

Returning along the road beside a park a mile or two long we met many fine turn-outs, containing Indian and English nabobs,

and among them was a coach and four with the widow and children of the late King of Oude, who were taking an airing. The ladies and children were in very gay costumes, and looked exceedingly pretty. The show was a very brilliant one, far surpassing anything of the kind to be seen in any other country.

6



CHAPTER XVII.

DARJEELING.

DARJEELING, INDIA,
Jan. 4, 1890.



AT 4 P.M. yesterday we left Calcutta, passing through the city, which was everywhere decorated for Prince Victor, who will be a king of England, if he lives, and who was to arrive at the same hour we left. We took possession of the car engaged for us, and I noticed that the next one was engaged by two Indian princes, their names being on the car. Presently they appeared, handsomely dressed in long colored robes and turbans, and soon after there arrived two palanquins carried by coolies, and completely shut up, containing their wives. They held up a carpet screen to prevent outsiders from getting a look at the women, but I caught sight of two figures, completely covered from head to foot with white gar-

ments, getting out of the palanquin into the car. The car-blinds were instantly drawn down. I was much interested, it being my first look at Mohammedan women.

After a tolerable night's sleep in the car we crossed the Ganges on a ferry-boat, and then took a narrow-gauge, two-foot-wide railroad, called the Darjeeling and Himalaya, which is perhaps one of the greatest feats of engineering skill in the world. It is run mainly on a cart-road previously built, and cost only fifteen thousand dollars per mile, and is fifty miles long.

We passed through a flat country for some miles, and then commenced to go up, around, through, and over mountains with terrible-looking precipices, now on one hand and now on the other. It has been a bright and splendid day, one in a hundred, they tell us. We were in an observation car, and we consequently could see everything to the best advantage. Elephants were at work in the fields on the plains, and immense tea plantations lined the hills and mountains.

At 4 P.M. we reached our destination, 7,400 feet high, and looked upon the mighty Himalayas, four ranges rising each one above the other, the two highest covered with

snow, and the one most remote appearing to be fifty miles off, one of the peaks of which is the famous Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world. The atmosphere was exceptionally clear, and the panorama spread before us was magnificent, and would require the poetical pen of Bayard Taylor to do it anything like justice. We were soon in our rooms at an excellent hotel, which had been engaged as usual. Mine had an open coal-fire, and a man soon brought a delicious cup of tea and some toast, which were very welcome. I could hear the jackals crying in the near woods. The country is thickly populated and highly cultivated, the people bright and smart, but clothed in rags and looking very poor, beggars being everywhere. Darjeeling is the sanitarium of Bengal. There are several hotels and numerous fine dwellings scattered along on the mountain sides, and far up there are large barracks and hospitals for soldiers. We remained two days, and on the morning of the second day Mr. Kolish, Mr. Jackson, and I became ambitious to see Mount Everest from a nearer point of view and in all its glory, so we were called at 5 A.M. On getting out I found my two friends mounted, but the ugly

beast waiting for me did not approve of the excursion, and first tried to kick me, and then to bite, but I finally mounted and succeeded in making him understand that he had better mind me. Away we went, up the steep but excellent roads for an eight-mile trip to the top of one of the mountains. My horse proved a good roadster, sometimes trotting and then galloping, and in one and a half hours we reached our destination, and looked upon a great range of snow-covered mountains; Everest, the monarch of all, was among them, but, much to our disappointment, clouds settled about the tops of the range and we did not see the greatest mountain in the world.

We stopped there an hour or so and took our fill of the grand sight, and then rode down the mountain at the same fast pace we had come up, for the train left at ten and we had none too much time. On our way down we met a Chinese marriage procession. They were making an awful din with tomtoms and drums, and a great show with banners and flags, which scared my horse, but the good-natured Chinese stopped their noise and we galloped on, reaching the hotel at nine, having enjoyed a fine morning ride.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BENARES.

BENARES Jan. 12, 1890.



ON the evening of the 10th we left Calcutta, travelled all night, and reached here at 1.30 P.M. yesterday. The railroads in India are mostly six-foot gauge, substantially built, but very slow, twenty-five miles an hour being the usual speed.

We brought along our own bedding, and stopped at stations for meals, everything being very primitive compared with accommodations found in America or Europe. We passed through a country thickly populated, the fields being highly cultivated, and planted with wheat, rice, cocoa-nuts, etc. Parrots were flying about in flocks, or perched on the telegraph wires. Elephants could be seen in the fields, and bullocks were everywhere drawing carts or ploughing.

The two days we have been here have

been very active ones, seeing the wonders of this "Holy City." Yesterday morning, at seven o'clock, we went out on the Ganges in a big boat. Splendid palaces were along the shore for a mile or two, and thousands of pilgrims from all parts of India and beyond were bathing and praying. At length we came to the cremation places. The boat stopped within fifty feet of the shore, and we saw the bodies of four dead persons in different stages of the process of cremation: one where the ashes were being swept into the river, and another just being brought down; this one was covered with a red cloth, showing, as they said, that it was a female. The men who carried the body first dipped it into the water, and then placed it on a pile of wood and brush, and set fire to it. Each of the other two piles of wood had a body on it, and both were being burned.

Passing through the city to Clark's Hotel, where we were stopping, we had plenty of evidence that Benares sustained its reputation of being the most filthy city in India. The Hindoo temples were especially dirty, though some of them had gilded domes, and one, where there was a sacred cow, was the most filthy of them all.

A Vienna friend asked me if I would not like to call on the Maharajah of Benares, he being the ruler of the province, and behind his throne being the Governor-General of India. I said yes, and we sent our cards to the palace and asked an interview. An officer called, I suppose to look us over, and after asking some questions said that His Highness would be pleased to see us at one o'clock, and at that hour the same officer called again, and we went to the palace in a carriage, and were at once shown up to the second story, where we were met at the door by the Maharajah, a young man thirty years old and very fine looking. He spoke English, and shook hands and welcomed us very politely. He was dressed in brown velvet breeches, coat of yellow silk covered with silver stars, cap of the same, and gold-embroidered shoes; and was smoking an immense pipe with a stem twenty feet long. He led the way to an interior hall, splendidly furnished in Oriental style, and showed us to a seat. We had a conversation of about half an hour, during which I took occasion to tell him something of our country, and invited him to come to New York. He said he would be very glad to see

America, and thanking us for calling, said he was sorry we could not stay some time in his dominions. He then shook hands and said good-by, directing an officer to send us books about his province. Nothing could have been more polite and kind than his attentions to us. I think it proper to say that my republican pulse did not beat any quicker on seeing such a magnificent palace and potentate, though I never saw the like or read of such scenes except in the "Arabian Nights."

In the afternoon the party took another drive around the city, and while the others were examining an extensive embroidery factory, I sat in the carriage in the market-place, and was much entertained by various aspects of Oriental life.

Once a little prince came along, mounted on a splendid horse, led by a man dressed in red robes and with a red turban on his head. The little lad was dressed in robes embroidered with gold, and altogether the scene was one not to be witnessed anywhere except in this country, or at the theatre.

We drove to an ancient city some distance off, and saw several old palaces; passed through great groves of mango trees and

plantations of beans, peas, wheat, rice, etc. Natives, beggars, and children in great numbers crowded around our carriages. We met a regiment of native cavalry with white officers and a fine band of native musicians.



CHAPTER XIX.

LUCKNOW.

LUCKNOW, Jan. 13, 1890.



E arrived here at twelve last night, after a tedious ride by rail, and I was up at seven this morning, and have been all day seeing the wonders of the city.

Since a visit to the field on which the battle of Waterloo was fought, I have never spent a day of such absorbing interest as this, for here Lawrence, with eighteen hundred men, held the fort against fifty thousand rebels for six months, and up the road we saw came Sir Colin Campbell and Havelock's army of relief. The buildings are riddled with balls, and we saw where Lawrence fell and the room where he died, July 4, 1857. Nothing could be more thrilling than to hear many incidents of the siege related in an admirable manner by a native guide.

We spent some hours in wandering about the building and ground held by the English, and especially examined the big cannons, in front of which five hundred rebels were blown away and killed.

We went to a fine Mohammedan mosque, one of the minarets of which was covered with gold, and would make an architectural sensation if placed in any city in Europe or America.

In the afternoon we took another ride and saw a walled enclosure of twenty acres or so, where Havelock and his Highlanders made a breach in the high wall, shot two thousand rebels in four hours, and buried them on the spot.

We stopped at various mosques and public buildings, and reached the hotel at 5 P.M.

It is a fearfully dirty place, and the sun of India, here as elsewhere, is intensely hot, but the evenings are quite cool. I saw many elephants and camels in the streets to-day, though horses and bullocks are generally used, and fine carriages drawn by horses are a common sight.

We have seen Lucknow pretty thoroughly, though one might spend a week here to advantage, especially in visiting the

museum, where there are ancient and modern curiosities of the highest interest, and the mosques, which are exceedingly beautiful, in great contrast to the filthy Hindoo temples. One especially reminded me of St. Mark's at Venice.



CHAPTER XX.
CAWNPORE.

CAWNPORE, Jan. 14, 1890.



HTen this morning we arrived here, and have seen all the places where such frightful massacres took place during the Sepoy rebellion of 1857. Mr. Lee, who now keeps a hotel here, acted as our guide, and pointed out the various localities. He was a non-commissioned officer, and accompanied General Havelock's army, which arrived two days after the massacre, and inflicted upon the rebels the terrible retribution of fastening several hundred of them in front of the big cannon and blowing them into pieces.

Mr. Lee pointed out the exact spot where these executions took place, and showed how the poor wretches were fastened to the mouths of the cannon. It will be remembered that General Wheeler, commanding the British troops, after defending the fort for weeks against a great army of rebels, was induced to surrender under promise of

protection from Nana Sahib, who collected the prisoners on the banks of the Ganges and had them massacred. Only four escaped. General Wheeler was seventy-two years of age, married to a native woman, and had by her seven children. He believed that Nana Sahib would keep faith with him, but he and all his officers were collected on some steps leading down to the water of the Ganges, and at a signal from Nana, they were all shot down and killed. One of General Wheeler's daughters committed suicide by jumping into a well, and another married a native and is now alive here.

When the rebellion was conquered Nana Sahib could not be found, but Mr. Henry Ballantine, now United States Consul at Bombay, states that the monster escaped to one of the countries in the north part of India and died there of cholera. Murphy, one of the men who escaped in a boat, had a singular fate. After the rebellion he was made custodian of the public buildings here; but one day he killed a native and was obliged to leave for China, and has never been heard of since.

Like many other places in India, Cawnpore is fearfully dusty, the hotel very poor, and one is glad to get away.

CHAPTER XXI.

AGRA.

AGRA, Jan. 17, 1890.



WE left Cawnpore at five o'clock on the morning of the 15th. The train was delayed, and I wandered about the chilly depot and caught a bad cold.

We were several hours on the train looking out upon the Oriental scenery, the people, and the wild and domestic animals near by. At a distance we saw elephants, camels, droves of small donkeys, big black goats, and long-legged pigs, flocks of paroquets and green parrots, now and then a deer or antelope, and the usual remarkable trees and flowers.

I arrived here well fagged out, but a good night's rest made me all right again, and I have put in two days of hard work, which I regard as among the most remarkable of my life.

We saw many magnificent palaces and mosques, the description of which would alone fill a large book. I have space only to refer to the Tâj-Mahal, which has been regarded by all who have seen it for the last two hundred years as the most remarkable building of its kind ever erected, and one of the wonders of the world.

Built by the Emperor Shah Jahan as a tomb for his wife, it is of pure white marble, 186 feet square, the centre dome being 50 feet in diameter by 80 feet high.

At the four corners stand four towers, each 137 feet high. The architect came from Venice, and his name was Geronimo Verrone.

On the front gateway is the date, 1648, marking the completion of the building, which was twenty years building, and cost ten millions of dollars, nothing being paid to the twenty thousand workmen who were said to have been employed in its construction, except an allowance of corn daily, and even this was carefully curtailed by rapacious officers, causing frightful mortality among the men. Jewellers were brought from Italy, and they inserted in the marble walls, both inside and out, in the shape of vases

and flowers, diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and other precious stones. The more valuable ones were stolen, but since the English have had possession they have inserted artificial ones, and we could see what a magnificent show it must have been.

The remains of the emperor were placed in a tomb by the side of those of his beloved wife. Each tomb had precious stones inserted in the marble, and on the top of one I saw a place where a ruby two inches in diameter was said to have been taken out. Ordinary stones, such as the cornelian and amethyst, were still there. We lingered about the beautiful building for many hours, admiring it from every point of view. My friend, Mr. Jackson, sang a little song under the great dome, which echoed and re-echoed, producing a remarkable effect.

I have been so much impressed with the marvellous beauty of the Tâj that I have purchased an alabaster model of it, and having packed it carefully, hope to get it home safely. On the opposite side of the river from the Tâj we were shown the foundation of a building which the emperor intended to erect for his own tomb, and to connect the two by a bridge of solid silver

twelve hundred feet long, but the tale they told us was that the emperor's son shut his father up in a prison palace for several years, and there he died at ninety-four years of age.

The emperor, knowing that he was about to die, asked to be taken to a marble summer-house, from which he could see the Tâj. They carried him there, and on the spot where we stood he took a last look at the beautiful building, and died. I know no more touching tale in all history, and it being well told on the spot by one of the guides, was very impressive.

This city, like most others we have seen in India, is very dirty, and we are put to many trials and discomforts, especially in eating, for we cannot get what we want, the hotels being very indifferent from an American point of view.



CHAPTER XXII.

DELHI.

DELHI, Jan. 21, 1890.



YESTERDAY at noon we left Agra, passing over the river by a fine iron bridge, from which we had another view of the beautiful Tâj, which was lovely beyond expression. We had an English compartment car to ourselves, and were very comfortable. Highly cultivated fields and frequent great barren plains, with now and then an elephant, were to be seen, and once a long caravan of camels. Monkeys were in the woods, and flocks of parrots flying about, and often the beautiful peacocks were perched on the fences or wandering about the fields.

It will be remembered that the Hindoos consider all animal and bird life sacred, and never kill them, and consequently we see them everywhere.

We passed on at the rate of about twenty

miles an hour, having forty-three carriages and over a thousand passengers, mostly natives, and stopped at a station at 1 P.M. for lunch. The stations in India are all large, this one being more than a thousand feet long, and there were collected in it more than a thousand pilgrims bound for the sacred Ganges with their bags and bedding.

I went among them accompanied by the native guide, and saw that many of them carried painted poles, from the top of each of which was suspended a bag containing the ashes and bones of some relative, which they had brought from their far-off homes, and were taking to the Ganges to be thrown into the (to them) sacred river.

I looked at a group of handsomely dressed women. Among them was a bride, who had a profusion of silver ornaments in her nose and ears, and on her arms and toes. My appearance among this party seemed to entertain them very much, judging by their looks and their chattering.

We passed through great fields of the castor-oil plant, cotton, and mustard, and at 9 P.M. rolled into the big station here, and were soon at the hotel enjoying the comforts of a wood fire.

This is the most dreadful climate I know of—eighty degrees to ninety degrees during the day, and down to sixty degrees at night. The hotels have rooms only on the ground floor, which is paved with stone, and anything but comfortable.

This city has great historic interest, having been ravaged many times by conquerors, beginning with Tamerlane, who burned it, and killed a hundred thousand of its inhabitants—men, women, and children.

Taking a drive, I saw monkeys running along the walls, and was everywhere beset by a great lot of beggars, dancing girls, and merchants wanting to sell shawls, jewelry, and many other articles.

We have been here several days, constantly driving about and seeing magnificent palaces, tombs, and mosques. In one of the great marble palaces was a large hall in which was erected the famous Peacock Throne in the year 1638.

The following account of it is given by Tavernier, who, in the seventeenth century, travelled extensively in the East, and saw all the wonders that he relates :

“The largest throne, which is set up in the hall of the first court, is in form like one of

our field-beds, six feet long and four broad. The cushion at the back is round like a bolster; the cushions on the sides are flat. I counted about a hundred and eight pale rubies in collets about this throne, the least whereof weighed a hundred carats; but there are some that weigh two hundred. Emeralds I counted about one hundred and sixty, that weighed threescore, some thirty, carats. The under part of the canopy is all embroidered with pearls and diamonds, with a fringe of pearls round about. Upon the top of the canopy, which is made like an arch with four panes, stands a peacock with his tail spread, consisting all of sapphires and other proper colored stones; the body is of beaten gold enchased with several jewels, and a great ruby upon his breast at which hangs a pearl that weighs fifty carats. On each side of the peacock stand two nosegays as high as the bird, consisting of several sorts of flowers, all of beaten gold enamelled. When the king seats himself upon the throne, there is a transparent jewel with a diamond appendant, of eighty or ninety carats, encompassed with rubies and emeralds, so hung that it is always in his eye. The twelve pillars also that uphold

the canopy are set with rows of fair pearl, round and of an excellent water, that weigh from six to ten carats apiece. At the distance of four feet, upon each side of the throne, are placed two parasols or umbrellas, the handles whereof are about eight feet high, covered with diamonds; the parasols themselves are of crimson velvet, embroidered and stringed with pearls.

“This is the famous throne which Tamerlane began and Shah Jahan finished, which is really reported to have cost a hundred and sixty million five hundred thousand livres of our money [thirty-two million one hundred thousand dollars].”

The famous and beautiful Cashmere shawls are made in the province north of here, and are mostly sold in this city, where there are many storehouses filled with them. It is said that it takes the labor of two men a year to make one of these shawls of moderate size.

Wishing to purchase, I went to one of the largest establishments accompanied by three friends. The merchant showed me a book in which were written recommendations of his goods by Gen. U. S. Grant and Col. Fred. Grant, and among them was one written in German, which was translated by

my friend from Vienna as follows: "I have bought shawls of this man, and think I got them cheap, but do not offer him a third of what he asks." We spent much time looking at a great variety of the shawls, and finally, aided by the excellent taste of my friends, Mr. Norris of Baltimore, Mr. Kolish of Vienna, and Mr. Jackson of Manchester, I selected two, which I thought very beautiful, and asked the price. The merchant consulted two or three of his sharp, bright-eyed clerks in their own language and said: "I have not sold a shawl to your party; I sell you very, very cheap; you may have those beautiful shawls for 1,400 rupees." Having in mind the German gentleman's remarks, I said: "No; the price is absurd; let us go," and we started out. Then the merchant followed saying: "Don't go; make me an offer;" and I said: "I will give you 400 rupees for both shawls." Greatly to my astonishment he replied: "Take them; I will send to your hotel." Fearing a substitution or some other trick, I said: "No; hand them to me, if you please. Here are 100 rupees, and you may come to the hotel and get the balance." To this he agreed and the purchase was made.

CHAPTER XXIII.

JEYPORE.

JEYPORE, Jan. 25, 1890.



OUR party arrived here on the 23d instant, and permission was obtained from the Rajah, who has the reputation of being the most enlightened ruler in India, to visit his palaces and grounds; and very magnificent we found them. The palace was very large, and fitted up in a costly manner. We were admitted everywhere, except to a big building occupied by his three hundred wives. We then went to see fifty elephants in different places, each tied by the legs; and then we visited the tiger cages, a dozen of them, each containing a savage fellow. We then went to the stables and saw four hundred blooded horses from all parts of the world. The custodian in charge of the stable said that if I wanted to hunt tigers the Rajah would be pleased to



TABLES & INDEX

CHAPTER XXIII.

JAYPORA.

February 2nd, 1896.



Our party arrived here on the 2nd instant and Jaypora was obtained from the Rajah with the reputation of being the most enlightened ruler in

India, the hill palaces and grounds were very interesting as we found them. The Rajah was very kind and interested in the early morning. We had a mounted veterinary, except to a high officer occupied by the three hundred wives. We then went to see the elephants in the enclosure, each tied by the legs; and then we visited the tiger enclosure, a dozen of them, each containing a single tiger. We then went to the stables and the four hundred saddled horses from all parts of the world. The custodian in charge of the stables said that if I wanted to see the horses the Rajah would be pleased to



TRAVELLING IN INDIA.

loan me a horse, and I would be sure to find a tiger from two to six miles from the city wall. The Rajah was good enough to loan us four of his biggest elephants, and in the afternoon we sent them outside the city wall with a photographer. We followed in a carriage and had photographs taken, and afterwards mounted the elephants, four on each, and rode two miles farther to a country palace of the Rajah, and to the ruins of an ancient city, where were formerly great castles, reminding one of Germany and the Rhine. We spent an hour looking over the castle, which is very costly and splendid. On the road and around the palace we were amused by the antics of numerous monkeys and the beauty of flocks of peacocks running wild all over, the screaming of parrots, etc. We then mounted our elephants to return. The one I was on looked as large as Jumbo. Meanwhile my friend, Mr. Jackson of Manchester, who is a great walker and dislikes the motion of the elephant, had ten minutes before started to walk to the carriages, a distance of two miles. He had nearly reached them when he met a lady and gentleman, who proved to be an English doctor and his wife. They bowed and said : " Good-

day," but had not passed on ten paces before they came running back. The doctor took hold of Jackson and said: "Look on top of the wall!" (a stone wall laid in cement, five feet high.) "And so you went within two yards of yonder tiger!" Jackson looked and saw the big head and paws of a large tiger resting on top of the wall, and then he ran away toward the carriages. Meanwhile, Mr. Kolish, who was on the elephant ahead, had seen the tiger in the field, and shouted to me to look at him, but he went away very quickly, and I saw nothing but a movement in the brush. All this took place before we knew Mr. Jackson had seen the beast. There were six natives with each elephant, and they were much excited and said the tiger must be very hungry, as one seldom came so near the city, and he would most likely get a kid or a man before morning.

I have been more interested in this city, where I have seen only native faces, than in any other in India, and would be glad to spend some weeks here.

The main avenues are one hundred feet wide, lighted by gas, and having water supplied by pumping-works. They are lined

with beautiful public and private buildings, and crowded with traffic, numerous caravans of camels coming and going loaded with stone, cotton bales, and all kinds of goods.

This morning we went to the Museum, a large and splendid edifice erected by the present Rajah. As an architectural triumph I know of nothing superior anywhere. It is of white and colored marble from base to dome; and the contents no adjectives can describe. Lovely! charming! splendid! Costly goods from Oriental countries, owned and arranged by the Rajah Mahara Swai Madhosingh.

Over the arched entrance to the exhibition rooms sentences were painted, taken from native books; for instance :

“ How much soever one may study science,
If you do not act right, you are ignorant.”

“ By contentment make me rich,
For without that there is no wealth.”

“ Rectitude is the means of pleasing God :
I never saw any one lost on a straight road.”

We are comfortably lodged in a hotel called a bungalow, which is owned by the Rajah and conducted by a native. I was

amused at one of the printed notices in the dining-room, which was: "If visitors are not satisfied with the food or cooking, they can deduct from the bill what they consider fair;" an excellent notice, which I recommend for adoption by hotels elsewhere. In another hotel I saw the following: "Guests are requested not to strike the servants;" and "Guests wishing ice are requested to give a day's notice, and name how much they require."

I walked up the street to look at a hunting tiger with hoods over his eyes, and tied to a tree, and while leaning up against a bungalow gate, a fine-looking young Indian, mounted on a splendid Arabian horse, interviewed me, much as an American newspaper man would have done: Where did I come from? What was my profession? and What was I in Jeypore for?

I told him something of our country, the number of people, the miles of railroads and telegraph wires, the size of New York and Chicago—in all of which he was much interested. I then interviewed him and asked him who he was, and he replied that he was Colonel Fyaz, commander of a regiment of native troops. He could talk the English,

Hindoo, Persian, and Oude languages, was delighted to see an American, and asked me where I learned to speak English. He seemed surprised to learn that it was the language of the United States of America.

After a long conversation he asked for my card and invited me to call at his quarters, saying that he would be glad to show me about the city.



CHAPTER XXIV.

BOMBAY.

BOMBAY, Jan. 27, 1890.



LEAVING delightful Jeypore by the evening train, we were two nights and one day on the road. It was very cold after dark, so much so that I had to get up in the middle of the night and put on my overcoat and shoes.

The train went at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour, stopping at stations for meals, which were quite good, but the native waiters were of the worst, and all the arrangements very primitive compared with the splendid vestibule trains running on the Central Railroad from New York to Chicago.

We obtained accommodations at a first-rate hotel, where I rested for a day, being much fatigued by the trip from Jeypore, but towards night I took a walk along a beautiful boulevard, and through fine parks for

several miles, and was much interested in looking at the strange and wonderful scenes. The highly colored dresses of the native women, the silver ornaments covering their persons; the immense public and private palaces, very costly and beautiful—all made a great impression on me, and I think that Bombay is one of the finest cities in the world.

There are fifty thousand Parsees in this city, with some of whom I became acquainted, and found them to be very intelligent, and was told that they were very successful merchants, many of them millionaires. They originally came from Persia, where they were agriculturists, but here they are merchants. These Parsees are all worshippers of the sun.

One day we went to their burial-place, called the "Towers of Silence," situated in a handsomely laid-out park. There were three round towers about one hundred feet in diameter, and fifty feet high, without any tops, and around the edges perched some hundreds of black vultures. We were told by the attendant that the dead bodies were placed on slats inside these towers and then devoured by the vultures.

We saw the dreadful creatures all flying over to one of the towers, and discovered that a body was being carried there by attendants dressed in white. We were not permitted to go near the towers, but were shown by an attendant a working model of one of them, and exactly how the dead bodies were disposed of.

Towards evening a band played in the beautiful park fronting the hotel, and I saw sights probably not surpassed by any other place on earth.

The *élite* were out, both native and foreign, in full force, as a public meeting was being held in a beautiful building erected by a wealthy Parsee merchant, in front of which was his marble statue.

The building is called the Bombay University, and an officer, whose coat was covered with decorations, was delivering an address on higher education. Officers and soldiers mounted on fine horses patrolled the streets; companies of Sepoys dressed in native costumes marched along; many white children cared for by native nurses, splendidly dressed native women, and beautiful English ladies and children passed to and fro; carriages and fine horses went by on the

road, making a scene of wonderful beauty and attraction. The city, with its many parks, covers a large space, and is elegant and clean, containing more than a million of people, but, strange to say of such an important commercial centre, there has been no United States Consul here for six months, and I had in consequence much trouble in shipping home some boxes.

I called upon Mr. Henry Ballantine,¹ who had delivered a delightful lecture on Cashmere before the Geographical Society at New York last winter, and he was good enough to give me such information as enabled me to get my goods off.

¹ Since the above was written Mr. Ballantine has been appointed U. S. Consul to Bombay.



CHAPTER XXV.

ON BOARD "THE KHEDIVE."

STEAMER "KHEDIVE," RED SEA, NEAR SUEZ,
Feb. 10, 1890.



HE morning of the 31st of January was very hot at Bombay, as usual, and I only went out to make a few calls and some purchases, and at 3 P.M. we went on a tender to this steamer, passing two large English troop-ships just arrived, and several ironclad men-of-war, and looked at the great forts on the land, where we had before seen two 120-ton Armstrong guns with piles of conical balls, each ball weighing half a ton.

The harbor is large and fine, and there were at anchor many large steamers and sailing craft, but I did not see anywhere the flag of our country.

On Sunday there was the usual parade of officers, sailors, and servants, 149 in all, most of the sailors being Lascars, dressed in white gowns, red turbans, and sashes, presenting a clean and picturesque appearance.

The vessel is a fine one, wonderfully clean, and with all modern improvements, including electric lights.

The doctor is a young and handsome man, and spends most of his time with the young lady passengers, who seem to require much medical advice. I notice that on most of the ships where I have been the doctors are very attentive to the ladies.

One night I slept very soundly in the upper berth, but in the morning found my room flooded from the open port-holes, sofa, floor, and baggage wet, but no great harm done, my clothing being hung up. In the morning I knew the sailors were washing the deck, for the water leaked through and struck my face, but one learns not to mind such little matters when travelling, and I turned over for another sleep.

It is rather hot on the steamer, thermometer eighty degrees, but the punkas are going in the cabin, and we are all quite comfortable.

We came from Bombay on the steamer *Assam*, arrived at Aden on the 6th, and were transferred to this ship, and unfortunately there was not time for us to go ashore, but I think we lost nothing, as it was a poor-looking place, nothing but rocks and fortifications.

We now see for the first time the coast of Arabia, big hills, evidently of volcanic formation, and long reaches of white sand. The native boats crowded around the ship, offering ostrich feathers and various things for sale; boys were diving for silver pieces thrown into the water, and generally succeeded in getting them.

The run of four days up the historic Red Sea has been full of interest. One day the air was full of locusts flying over from Arabia to Africa, many of them falling on the deck. They looked like small birds when flying, but were not larger than katydids, and brown in color.

On Sunday the service was read by a clergyman who preached an excellent sermon. He read from the Bible the account of the passage of the Red Sea at a place not far from where we were, and the sermon was about it and Egypt.

The seats at the long tables in the dining-room were filled, nearly all the passengers being in attendance. The weather continues perfect, the water smooth and looking very blue. Captain Loggin, of this ship, says that on his last trip he had a lady passenger who was ninety-one years of age,

and on a former trip another who was ninety-two, both of them very jolly and comfortable, and going from England to visit their relatives in India.

The captain said that on another of his trips, two ladies, strangers to each other, were put in one stateroom in which were two wash-basins. One basin being a little larger than the other, each lady wanted the larger one, and appealed to him. He gave the matter due consideration, and finally informed them that the *elder* should have it. As we approach the upper end of the sea it narrows to about three miles, and we have good views of both the Arabian and the African coasts, long stretches of sand on both shores, and then mountains of volcanic origin, but not a sign of a town or of any inhabitants. Early one morning the captain gave notice that we were nearing the Sinai range of mountains, and he showed on his chart all the points of interest, and directly pointed out the historic mountain itself, situated beyond a range which was near the sea, and looming up so that we could see it with the naked eye, and very clearly with the glass. The mountain appeared to be about forty miles off.

CHAPTER XXVI.
THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL.

CAIRO, Feb. 12, 1890.



AT 9 P.M., on the 10th inst. the big steamer *Khedive* anchored at Suez, the Red Sea entrance to the canal; and I was much interested in watching the engineers making steam connections to a large dynamo on deck. The connections were made by copper pipes and flange joints. In half an hour they were ready. Captain Loggin gave the signal, and the stately vessel moved on at the rate of six miles an hour towards Port Said, on the Mediterranean. The canal is 87 miles long, and when completed was 72 feet wide and 26 feet deep, but two years ago it was decided to enlarge it to 120 feet wide, 27 feet 8 inches deep. They are now at work on the enlargement, as I saw four immense dredgers lying in the canal near Suez, and was informed that thousands of men

could be seen during the day at work all along the route.

I stationed myself on the upper deck at 9.30 P.M., and remained there all night with the kind and pleasant captain for my only companion, only leaving when we were nearing Ismaïlia at six in the morning; and I was amply rewarded by sights such as I never expect to see again.

The five-thousand-candle-power electric light, with a Mangin reflector, spread the rays out fanlike, and illuminated the canal and vicinity for half a mile ahead and several hundred feet wide, so that the smallest thing on the land or in the water could be seen. The electric rays illuminated the water so that the white-painted buoys, of which you could often see three or four at a time, seemed to be lighted from the inside, as if made of translucent golden porcelain, and suspended in mid-air. The white sand on the banks of the canal might be readily mistaken for snow, and was in one place piled up fifty feet high, for a long distance, and the general effect was singularly weird, as the great steamer moved majestically on. When we reached the small Bitter Water Lake, the buoys were on stands fifteen feet

high, out of water, looking as if they were made of silver, the pear-shaped domes like illuminated mosques. Once, where there was an opening in the sand-bank, the light illuminated a hill some distance off, and it seemed as if I were looking upon a great city, with its mosques, minarets, churches, and buildings all being destroyed by fire. Several times, when approaching huge dredging machines, the electric light seemed to transform them into beautiful flower-boats on which fairies might be dancing. As we entered the large Bitter Lake, the electric lights were put out and the vessel, guided by a pilot, increased her speed.

The tide rises seven feet at Suez, and forces the water up the canal to the Bitter Lakes, which operate like a safety valve, distributing the water and returning it when the tide recedes.

The Mediterranean being a tideless sea, the water runs naturally through the canal to the Bitter Lakes. Most of the commerce of the East passes through the canal, instead of around the Cape of Good Hope, as formerly. In 1887 there passed through the canal 3,137 vessels, of which 2,330 were British, and only three American. I know of no greater illustration of the fallibility of hu-

man judgment than that the English opposed the building of this canal. Lord Palmerston said it could not be built, and if done, would never pay, or be any good to commerce; and now seventy-five per cent. of the tonnage passing through it is British, and it is of immense importance to them, both politically and in a business way. But for the persistent energy of M. de Lesseps, it is safe to say the canal would not have been built for many years, if ever.

The average passages through the canal from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea have been eighteen hours, Captain Loggin having made the shortest in fifteen hours; but when the enlargement is completed, so that vessels may make an uninterrupted passage each way, the time may be reduced to twelve hours. The stock of the company has paid as high as twenty-one per cent., and I was informed that our steamer, the *Khedive*, had several hundred cases of silk on board, and that she would pay about seven thousand dollars transit charges. Every steamer passing through the canal now makes use of the electric light; those not having a dynamo on board hire one at Port Said or Suez for ten pounds sterling per trip, including two men to run it.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CAIRO AND THE PYRAMIDS.

CAIRO, Feb. 17, 1890.



N the 13th at 1 P.M. we took the train at Ismaïlia, had a first-class carriage and agreeable company. For half the distance we passed through a sandy desert, but when we came to the station Tel-el-Kebir, near which Wolseley routed the Egyptian army, the country improved. Great fields of sugar-cane, lentils, grain, and grass were to be seen ; men were ploughing, and others gathering the crops, assisted by camels, bullocks, and donkeys. In one instance, a camel was harnessed to a bullock drawing a plough. The people were everywhere industrious, and the fields looked in splendid condition. Very often we saw large flocks of sheep and goats, and soon we came in sight of a long arched bridge spanning the Nile. After crossing this we entered a fine depot at Cairo, where there

was the usual clamor of hackmen, but our conductor rescued us from these land sharks, and we were soon at the Royal Hotel, where I found my room, which had been engaged, and directly a package of letters and papers were handed to me, which were very welcome.

It is as cool here as March in New York, and I have on my regular winter clothing. The Red Sea voyage and the weather here have toned me up, and I feel in first-rate health. This is one of three fine hotels in Cairo, and is first-class in every respect—French cooking, splendid bread and butter, and excellent beef and mutton, which have, no doubt, helped to put me in good condition, after the horrors of our campaign of the India cookery.

Mr. Norris sent a telegram to Baltimore last evening at 5.30, and had an answer at 11.30 P.M., so that we are all now in touch of home.

We have been this afternoon through the bazaars to the great Citadel and the grand Mosque, where I unfortunately stumbled over a prostrate man praying, with his face towards Mecca, and there was a little row, but I apologized and passed on.

Yesterday we started out at nine and did not get back to the hotel until four. We went first to the famous museum three miles distant, over the river, and saw an immense collection of antiquities, illustrating Egyptian history for six thousand years, including the mummies of the great kings, Rameses I., II., and III., and their wives and some of their children. Their remains are not pretty to look at, and it seemed to me to be sacrilegious to expose them for show in a museum at one franc admission. The museum building is very beautiful, having been erected by the Khedive for a palace, the same Khedive who was deposed by the English, and is now in exile in Italy.

One room had marble pillars three feet in diameter and thirty feet high, and the whole building is fitted up in the highest style of modern French art.

We entered carriages and drove over a fine, shaded road to the great Pyramids, where we arrived at noon. I at once announced my intention of going to the top of the big Pyramid, as did also Mr. Kolish of Vienna and Miss Roe of Cincinnati, the others of the party declining.

The old Arab sheik who has charge here

appointed three stalwart Egyptians to assist me, and two others followed with jugs of water; with one man holding each hand, and another to push, we commenced the ascent. The stones were from two to two and a half feet high, making the tallest kind of stairs, but the men were careful and good at pulling and pushing, so I made rapid progress.

They stopped twice to rest, and then I found what violent exertions I had been making, for I was completely blown, and my mouth and throat as dry as if I had not had a drink for a month.

We rested at each stopping-place a few minutes, and rinsing my mouth with water refreshed me; then we rushed on, reaching the top in seventeen minutes. Such had been the violence of the exertion that I could hardly speak for fifteen minutes afterwards. Mr. Kolish being a stout young fellow got along first-rate, and Miss Roe being strong, cool, and fearless came up serenely. From the top the view towards the Nile was of unsurpassed beauty; long stretches of country covered with green as far as the eye could reach. Farther back was a boundless plain, but all sand and desolation. I in-

tended to recite here Napoleon the First's address, "Soldiers of the grand army, forty centuries are looking down upon you," but I was so much engaged getting my breath that I forgot all about it.

After stopping on top for half an hour, we commenced going down, one man holding each of my hands and another holding a rope which was around under my arms. We got along very nicely with only one stop; indeed, I think I could have come down perfectly well without help from any one.

There are 250 steps on the big Pyramid, and it is 480 feet high. At one o'clock we had a capital lunch, and then started for the Statue of Memnon, only a third of a mile from the Pyramids. Some camels were kneeling ready to take us, and I mounted one. The beast squealed and got up first on his front legs and then on his hind ones, pitching me back and forth, but I hung on and got along very nicely.

The immense statue, partly covered with sand, did not impress me much, but a tomb which I entered near by was a wonder. I measured one of the big stones in the wall and found it was five feet square and seventeen feet long.

We mounted our camels again and Miss Roe and I had a race across the yielding sand, the Cincinnati young lady coming out ahead.

The beggars crowded around and annoyed the ladies so much that I spoke to the old sheik, and he went at them with a whip and scattered them very quickly.

We returned to Cairo the same way we went, observing on the road large numbers of camels, bullocks, and donkeys, and once I counted seven camels loaded with fresh hay. Thus ended one of the wonder days of my life.

Yesterday morning we left here on a steamer, and went up the swift-running waters of the Nile, passing numerous palaces, tombs, and all kinds of Oriental buildings, dozens of water-wheels run by bullocks, and once a steam-pump and boiler, all raising water for irrigation.

We had a stalwart and fancy-dressed dragoman, but he was of little use. We took along a nice lunch and picnicked on the boat, reaching the dock in three hours, where we found about a hundred donkeys and their attendants, yelling, screaming, and pushing. After much trouble we each

mounted one of the ugly beasts, and started for the ancient city of Memphis, seven miles away. There was a boy with a stick to each donkey, and every time he struck, my beast would kick and nearly unseat me.

A young lady from Boston, Miss Potter, was put in my charge, and several times we had splendid trots and gallops on the sandy roads and plains.

We met strings of camels and donkeys on the way in front, and our cavalcade of excursionists, stretched along the sandy road, presented a remarkable appearance.

Half-way, we stopped to rest at a place where an immense marble statue of a king was lying in the sand. It was thirty feet long, and five feet across the face.

The donkey ridden by Miss Potter proved so bad that she changed him for another here, and we galloped over the sandy plain unto Memphis, our destination. There were half a dozen big pyramids in sight, and the whole country was covered with ruins. We were on a high hill, and looked down upon the Delta of the Nile and its cultivated fields, a scene of rare beauty, on one side, and, on the other, vast sandy plains and deserts.

We walked to the entrance of the "Tombs of the Sacred Bulls." The passage-ways and tombs are cut out of solid rock and are all under ground. These passage-ways are a mile or two long, and thirty feet in diameter. They strongly reminded me of the sewers in Paris.

From these passages, were dug out of solid rock twelve rooms, each containing the statue of a "Sacred Bull," each one carved out of the rock, highly polished, and covered with writing executed in a beautiful manner.

Each of us carried a candle, and it was very hot, so much so that one of the young men came near fainting and had to hurry out. It was a curious and weird scene, fifty or more people, each with a candle, wandering about in the dark. After looking at the tombs, we all returned to the upper air, and went to the tomb of a great king near by, which was under ground, and contained several large rooms, all made of highly polished white marble, covered with writing and carvings—processions of men and animals, beautifully executed, and in the best state of preservation.

Mounted on the donkeys once more, men

and boys surrounded us, offering all kinds of things for sale. One young fellow showed me the skeleton of a lady's hand, and offered to sell it for a shilling, but I declined. It was a rough ride back to the river, the donkeys being very uncomfortable creatures to ride. Once the one ridden by Miss Potter greeted some of his friends in a field, and brayed with tremendous energy.

We were very much fatigued and glad to get to the boat.

The return voyage was very pleasant, and we reached Cairo at 5.30 P.M.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

JAFFA.

JAFFA, PALESTINE, Feb. 21, 1890.



OUR party left Cairo on the 19th, going by rail one hundred and fifty miles to Alexandria, and leaving there at 10 A.M. the following day, arrived here by steamer this morning.

The landing from the steamer was made in boats, and was rather rough, the sea running high and there being no breakwater.

This is said to be the oldest town in the world, and is certainly the dirtiest one I ever saw. We drove all about, going first to the house of Simon the Tanner, situated near the sea. We saw the tank in which he used to tan his leather, and went on the top of the house, where he and his family used to sleep. We then went to the house of Dorcas, situated in a grove of orange and lemon trees, and I bowed my head to her memory, for she not only did good to the

poor herself, but her example has caused countless millions of Christian women, in all the ages since, to do the same, very often in associations named after her.

The oranges raised in and about the town are very large and fine, and much exported. Great crowds of Turks, camels, and donkeys were in the market-places.



CHAPTER XXIX.

RAMLEH.

REINHARD'S HOTEL, RAMLEH,
Feb. 21, 1890.



WE left Jaffa at 3 P.M., in as fine a landau as you would see in Hyde Park, with three horses and a dragoman, and drove along a splendid macadam road, meeting and constantly passing camels, donkeys, and strange-looking Turks. Soon we came to the Plains of Sharon, perfectly level, and stretching off for ten or twenty miles each way, covered with red, blue, and yellow flowers. They are said to be the "roses of Sharon" mentioned in the Scriptures, but really are a species of poppy. At a distance we saw the high hills and mountains which surround Jerusalem. The scenes were of the most thrilling interest, for Solomon often passed this way, and over the road were transported the cedars of Lebanon of which the great temple was built. It was

a cool and bracing day, and we had a delightful trip, arriving at this excellent hotel at 5 P.M., and at once walked to the ruins of a mosque built in 1099 A.D., by Saladin. The tower, an elegant structure, is still standing. We went to the top of this tower, and looked upon a lovely landscape. As far as the eye could see, the plains were covered with almond-trees in full blossom, and other trees and shrubs peculiar to the country, the big cactus plants being used for fences. As we returned we passed a tower, from the top of which a priest was crying aloud for the faithful to pray. Every few miles was a guard-house, and horsemen were often met on the road who acted as police.



CHAPTER XXX.

JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM, Feb. 23, 1890.



HE rest overnight at Ramleh, at the hotel there, kept by a German, formerly of Buffalo, N. Y., proved very refreshing, and in the morning we took our fine carriage, and driving rapidly over the excellent road, reached here at 5 P.M., having had a very enjoyable trip.

Coming near the Jaffa Gate our driver ran against a heavy-loaded camel, and caused him to tumble almost into our carriage, but he fell partly under it, and the wheels ran over one of his legs and broke it. The owner of the camel, a big Turk, when he saw the mischief, sat down by the side of the road and wept. The carriage stopped at the Jaffa Gate, and we walked to the new hotel, a large, handsome building of stone, all the halls being paved with marble. It

was so very cold that I had a fire made in a small stove in my room. Here, as in all the countries I have lately visited, fuel is very scarce and dear; that used here was the roots of trees.

At last the dream of a lifetime has been realized, and I have been on the top of the Mount of Olives, to me the most interesting spot on earth. It had been raining, making the slippery stones of the streets very disagreeable. Accompanied by an excellent guide, I walked from the Jaffa to the Golden Gate, along the street of "Solomon and David," and mounted a small, good-natured donkey, who carefully took me over a rough road to the top of the Mount. Thence I looked upon the scenes so often described in the Bible, rendered more impressive to me from the thought that on the very spot where I was must have stood David and Solomon, Christ, St. Peter, Paul, and the Apostles! They must have looked down in their time, as I did, upon the winding Jordan, the Dead Sea, Bethlehem, and the mountains and valleys beyond. The other view was towards the compact walled city. It seemed to me that I could see the great army of Titus encamped on the hills

beyond the Jaffa Gate, preparing to assault it with their battering-rams. The scene was a very impressive one. After admiring the beautiful church lately erected by the Russians, on top of the Mount, I passed down by another and rougher path, and rode entirely around the city, the guide carefully explaining everything as we rode along. The Mosque of Omar, built on the spot where Solomon's temple stood, is a splendid edifice, the outside being made of various-colored tiles, and the inside of mosaic work, with the most exquisite stained-glass windows.

At length we got away from this almost enchanted spot, and went through the markets and bazaars, which do not differ much from those of other Oriental cities: narrow, dirty streets, small stores, and crowds of long-bearded old men, exactly as you see represented in all pictures; women, black, brown, and white, with their faces modestly covered, but barelegged, and nothing on their feet except sandals; even these were often left off.

We took a carriage and went to Bethlehem, five miles from Jerusalem, and attended religious services held in various

churches by the Russians, Catholics, and Copts. Everything we saw was of great interest, the view from the hill superb, and the people and scenes on the way wonderful to behold.



CHAPTER XXXI.

JAFFA.

JAFFA, Feb. 26, 1890.



HAVING spent two days in Jerusalem industriously sight-seeing, one noon-day I took a seat in the fine carriage provided, my only companion being a dragoman, and we were soon bowling along over the fine road to Jaffa.

The engineers are surveying for a railroad from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and the people expect that it will be completed in a year. The journey may then be made in one hour. The moon came up at 6 P.M., and as we passed along the road through the mountains, I saw sights and scenery not to be soon forgotten. I felt safe, for every few miles there was a stone watch-tower, occupied by guards, and often we met them on the road, mounted and armed with guns. It was a ride of thrilling interest, for over this route have passed

many times the heroes of old, and on yonder field of Sharon, now smiling with flowers, was once fought a great battle. The carriage rushed on, and half-way we changed horses. Being very cold, I walked ahead for a couple of miles, meeting caravans and single camels, and numerous donkeys laden with wood, and men coming from the fields with their oxen and their ploughs. The black-eyed natives eyed me curiously, but said nothing. Soon the carriage overtook me, and I was so well warmed up by my walk that I felt comfortable for the remainder of the trip. ●

We were detained for two days at Jaffa on account of the rough sea, which prevented steamers from landing, but being in a comfortable hotel, I was content, and spent the time looking about the ancient city.

A young Arab offered to sell me a tame hyena for twenty francs. It was nine months old, and as playful as a young dog. At last the sea became smooth, and I entered one of the heavy boats, and three strong Turkish boatmen put me over the rough waters in good style on board the Russian steamer *Poccir* from Alexandria bound for Odessa.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ON BOARD THE "POCCIR."

STEAMER "POCCIR," March 4, 1890.



HE steward gave me a very poor state-room below, with another man, but I handed him a fee, and in the morning he put me in a beautiful cabin on deck, a large room, lined with handsome polished wood, with two large looking-glasses, and fit for a prince or an American to occupy. I could not find a man on the ship who spoke a word of English, but I rather enjoyed the novel situation, and got along very nicely.

On the 28th instant, in the morning, I came on deck, and found that we had arrived at Beyrout, and after partaking of a glass of tea and some bread, I took a boat and went ashore, and there engaged an Arab guide. The first call we made was on Mr. Bissenger, our Consul, formerly from New York, with whom I had a pleasant talk. We then went

along the streets, lined on both sides with fine stores occupied by English and other foreign merchants, and then through the bazaars of the native town. We inspected a fine palace, splendidly furnished, owned by a Russian nobleman, who has not been here for seven years, but who keeps it open, with servants in attendance, ready to be occupied by himself and family at any time.

We drove out to a handsome public garden, and came back over the famous Damascus road built by the French—a fine macadam roadway, over which are run diligences to Damascus, eighty miles away, but now it is blocked by heavy snow in the mountains, and consequently two hundred travellers are detained in Beyrout. One gentleman tried to get through on horseback, but the snow was too deep, and he was obliged to return. The bay is a beautiful one, as seen from the city, a range of mountains looming up around it, the lower ones being covered with cedars, and the higher, including Mount Lebanon, capped with snow.

It will be remembered that Solomon obtained the cedars from these mountains with which he built the temple at Jerusalem. I

had some anxiety about my passport, as it had not been endorsed by the Turkish Consul at Cairo, but a fee put into the hands of the customs officer was sufficient, and he permitted me to depart without even looking at the document. We got aboard the steamer at noon, and after a nice lunch, including excellent red and white Odessa wine, the whistle blew, and we were off. During the afternoon we stopped at Napoli, which is a well-built town, extending along the shore a mile or two, with the snow-covered mountains for background. Here a dozen passengers got off, mostly Turks. There was a heavy sea, and the small boats could only be brought up to within six feet of the ship's ladder, so the passengers wishing to disembark had to jump. The steam-engines were kept in constant use from 4 P.M. until midnight, taking on board from lighters three thousand large boxes of oranges for Odessa.

The steamer and the lighters pitched about, and it was a sight to see how skillfully everything was managed.

The cooking on this ship is excellent, though some of the food is new to me, and I look with some surprise to see the Rus-

sians drink a small glass of raw brandy before each meal.

We arrived at the ancient and important city of Smyrna yesterday at 10 A.M., and went ashore with Mr. Zucker, Swiss Consul to Chili, who speaks English, and very kindly assisted me in making known my wants.

We employed a guide and went through the city, which is a large one, containing two hundred thousand people.

The foreign streets and stores are very fine, but those occupied by Jews, Turks, Armenians, and Greeks are very dirty and disagreeable.

After a couple of hours' walking about in the heat and dirt, we came back to the street running along the bay, which is a couple of miles long, well paved and clean. A dozen large steamers were at the docks, and much business going on. We saw numbers of fine buildings, hotels, and cafés.

Mr. Zucker and I called on the United States Consul, Mr. Emmet, and I was agreeably surprised to find that he was an old acquaintance, formerly in the Comptroller's office of New York.

At 4 P.M. we went on board, and were soon off. The steamer had been invaded by a

dozen young Englishmen, and on interviewing them I found that they belonged to a foot-ball club of Constantinople, and had been to Smyrna playing against a club there. They were a jolly set of young fellows, and made things lively on the ship for the remainder of the trip.

The wind blew hard all day. It was cold and disagreeable, and we saw little of the land, though we were passing through the famous Dardanelles, the Hellespont of the Greeks, past the site of the ancient city of Troy, of which Homer sung, and I would have given much for a bright day or a moonlight night so that I could have seen the exact place where "Leander swam the Hellespont." But this was not to be, so I turned in and slept until morning, and when I came on deck found that we were at anchor in the world-renowned and beautiful harbor of Constantinople.



CHAPTER XXXIII.
CONSTANTINOPLE.

CONSTANTINOPLE, March 9, 1890.



HE harbor appears to be about a mile wide and two miles long, surrounded by steep hills, on which the city is built, largely in terraces, with many great palaces, mosques, and public buildings, the Mosque of St. Sophia being very prominent. I took a guide at the ship and went ashore in his boat. I had been informed of the annoyances by custom-house officials, to which travellers are often obliged to submit on their arrival in the Turkish dominions, and was agreeably surprised at the ease with which I was permitted to go on shore. The guide showed my passport to an officer, who looked it over and returned it, and we went to another wharf, where my trunk and bag had been landed. There were three venerable officers here, who each took a franc

and passed the baggage without opening anything, or saying a word.

A big Turk took my trunk and bag on his back, and we went up an ill-paved and dirty street, a quarter of a mile long, and almost as hard to climb as the Pyramids of Egypt. This led to a nice and well-paved avenue, lined with fine shops, on which was the Hotel Pesth, where we found comfortable quarters.

I had a cup of tea, and then sallied out to see the city. There are few carriages to be seen in the streets, but great numbers of large and homeless yellow dogs, all of the same shaggy breed, apparently well fed and happy and certainly good-natured. There were twelve of these dogs on the walk opposite the hotel, and I counted 164 on one of the main streets, about a mile long. We remarked that they were about as thick all over the city, and there must be as many as fifty thousand altogether. We walked down a fine street to the water, and along the shore for a mile or two, and again admired the beautiful bay, which poets have raved about for centuries, and which most people think the finest in all the world.

We went as far as one of the big palaces belonging to the Sultan, which faces the

water. It is twelve hundred feet long, and has two grand entrances built of white marble. There we took a circuit around the hills, and saw many great buildings, barracks, schools, etc. Once we saw a regiment of horsemen drilling in a large square. The men were tall and fine-looking, and the horses excellent. There were two fire alarms while we were out, and it was enough to make a New York horse laugh to see the arrangements for putting them out. The engine, so called, was an ordinary force-pump with two handles, placed on a platform and carried by a dozen men, who were followed by fifty more, in a leisurely way. There are no water-works, and many large and very old wooden buildings, so one can readily see that there must be destructive fires here sometimes,

I have been here a week, and have seen many mosques, including the immense and famous St. Sophia, which must have been in days of old very magnificent, but it has been largely robbed of its treasures, and is now quite dilapidated.

The weather here is very bad, cold, rainy, and blustering, much as we often have it in March. There was a heavy fall of snow two

weeks ago, and the streets are wet, slippery, and disagreeable. On the 6th instant we made the famous trip up the Bosphorus to the Black Sea, which has been so often written about. There were four of us, Mr. Zucker, myself, and two friends, all sedate, over sixty years of age, and representing a combined weight of nearly eight hundred pounds.

We left the hotel at 9 A.M., walked a short distance through the middle of the muddy streets to a cable road, which we took, and in ten minutes were in a busy street near the water. We then crossed a fine iron bridge, and went on board a side-wheel steamer. Looking across the water we could see the great hospital buildings where Florence Nightingale immortalized her name by her care of wounded soldiers during the Crimean war. Steam was up, and soon we were away, going along near the shore of the European side and making about ten landings. On the shore buildings have been erected, sometimes a hundred or more together, so that, practically speaking, the ten miles to the Black Sea is a continuation of the city. Palaces are to be seen all along, several of them be-

longing to the Sultan, and one very large and splendid one occupied by the Persian ambassador.

The ranges of hills near the water are largely cultivated, and even now are covered with green grass, the whole presenting a panorama of great beauty.

We stopped at noon, went on shore, and had an excellent lunch at a German restaurant; then took another boat as far as the Black Sea, and returned along the shore of Asia, stopping at numerous places to take on passengers and mail, and in an hour reached the city.

There was a lot of women on board, with their faces more or less covered. Once, as the steamer was passing a house, I saw a very pretty sight. A couple of little girls made signals to our captain, and a larger one held up, for him to see, a small white puppy. The white-headed old sailor smiled a grim smile, and the swift steamer swept on.

One day I took a guide and went to see the famous native bazaars, where, under one roof, were several hundred small stores, the passage-ways narrow, wet, and ill-paved, such as you find everywhere in the East,

filled with everything native and foreign one ever thought of. An Armenian pulled me into his store and showed me elegant stuffs, sofa pillows, silks, shawls, and gold embroidery, but having no use for such things I came away without purchasing.

Another day I called on Mr. Sweeney, our Consul, and later upon Mr. Solomon Hirsch, U. S. Minister, who kindly gave me all the information I wanted about Constantinople. Returning through the lower part of the city, where there was a large crowd of people, I saw a dog-fight. A strange black dog had invaded this part of the city, and a dozen yellow ones went for him fiercely, causing an immense row and confusion, until a Turk appeared with a big rope, thrashed them all, and sent them yelping away.

One morning we took a carriage, and went to see the Sultan make his weekly trip to a mosque. We drove some three miles to the front of the mosque through the mud and snow.

This mosque is a new and beautiful one, and soon after we arrived there was a great gathering of horse and foot soldiers.

The horsemen were fine-looking, and rode

splendid horses. They formed several deep in front of our carriage, but I got on a high fence, so as to have a good view, and stood there in the snow and rain for an hour, waiting for his Highness. At length there came a band of music, a troop of cavalry, and many decorated officers, followed by an open carriage containing the Sultan, a dark, black-bearded, middle-aged Turk, wearing the national red fez. He passed slowly on to his devotions, and I was asked if I would wait and see him return. I said most decidedly not, and returned with my friends to the hotel, and to a late but excellent breakfast at 2 P.M.



CHAPTER XXXIV.

CONCLUSION.



IN the afternoon of the 10th of March I took a walk down to the great bridge, and had a last and lingering look at the splendid harbor, the Golden Horn, and the Bosphorus. At 6 P.M. I took a carriage and a guide to the depot at Stamboul, from which leaves, twice a week, the Oriental Express for Vienna and Paris.

After an examination of my passport and baggage, and considerable delay, I got on the train, composed exclusively of Mann boudoir cars, lighted by gas, including dining-car; and everything first-class, quite as good as anything in America, except the vestibule trains from New York to Chicago. The road-bed is so perfectly constructed that the cars run easier than on any railroad I was ever on. You could read with comfort, and some of the passengers were writ-

ing. My journey from Constantinople was a solitary one, our party having separated, and other friends being left behind. Passing through Bulgaria and Servia, little was to be seen except vast plains, sometimes cultivated, but often not; mud houses with thatched roofs, and oxen ploughing in the fields. We then went up and over big mountains, covered with snow.

The second morning when I arose we were in Hungary, and the scene had changed to every appearance of business and activity. Four oxen, attached to a plough or to a four-wheel wagon, were to be seen all along the route. There were vast cultivated plains, and beyond them towns, villages, and houses, all looking in good shape. We arrived at Budapest after two nights and one day on the train. I spent two days in Budapest, and found it one of the most beautiful cities in Europe—handsome, well-paved, wide, clean streets, splendid hotels, stores, and public and private buildings. This city is the capital of Hungary; the King, who is also Emperor of Austria, resides here for a portion of the year.

In one of my trips about the city, I saw him driving out in his royal coach. Leaving

Budapest at half-past two one afternoon, after a fine journey of five hours I arrived in Vienna, and was accommodated at the Imperial Hotel, which was excellent in every way.

A week was passed in Vienna. It is one of the most beautiful cities in the world, many think even finer than Paris, and I thoroughly enjoyed the comforts of civilization again, all the more, no doubt, from having been partly deprived of them for so many months, as recorded in the previous pages. I called on Colonel Grant, the United States Minister, who was very polite and kind. I dined with him and his charming family, and attended a diplomatic reception given by Mrs. Grant. I also dined with the distinguished Dr. Kolish and his family, some of whom spoke excellent English, and passed a very agreeable evening with them.

Passing on to Berlin, I there saw a grand review given by the Emperor to the Prince of Wales; and thence went to Dresden, in which delightful city several days were spent, often visiting the large and splendid gallery of paintings, and lingering in front of that wonderful work of art, the "Sistine Madonna." One evening I went to

the Grand Opera, and one afternoon drove around the city. Two American young ladies were kind enough to accompany me, and to point out the various objects of interest. We met the King of Saxony, driving out in a showy royal carriage.

Hamburg came next, one of the most beautiful and enterprising cities in Europe, and then Bremen, where I boarded the North German Lloyds steamer *Eider*.

Everything about this splendid ship was so perfect that one could not suggest an improvement; the table being of extraordinary excellence. We made a quick passage, and in eight days I landed in New York, April 8, 1890, having been absent exactly seven months. The distance travelled was 27,816 miles: 18,786 by water, 9,030 by land.



DISTANCES TRAVELLED :

Recorded from San Francisco to Cairo by Miss Roe, of Cincinnati.

	MILES
From New York to San Francisco.....	3,000
San Francisco to Yokohama	4,724
Yokohama to Tokio and return.....	36
Nikko, Lake Chiu, and return	253
Hankom Pass and return.....	115½
Kamakura and Enoshima.....	80
Yokohama to Kobé.....	346
Kobé to Kioto and Osaka	152
Kobé <i>via</i> Nagasaki to Hong-Kong.....	1,456
Hong-Kong to Canton and return	180
Hong-Kong to Colombo, Ceylon.....	3,096
N. Elliya and Kandy.....	270½
Colombo to Madras and Calcutta.....	1,401
Calcutta to Darjeeling and return.....	740
Calcutta to Benares	475
Benares to Lucknow.....	202
Lucknow to Cawnpore	46
Cawnpore to Agra	160
Agra to Delhi.....	144
Delhi to Jeypore.....	101
Jeypore to Bombay.....	699
Bombay to Aden.....	1,661
Aden to Ismaïlia	1,352
Ismaïlia to Cairo	84
Memphis and return	50
Pyramids and return.....	16
Cairo to Alexandria.....	150
Alexandria to Jaffa.....	250
Jaffa to Jerusalem and return.....	68
Jerusalem to Bethlehem and return.....	10
Jaffa to Constantinople	1,000
Constantinople to Vienna.....	1,300
Vienna to Dresden	340
Dresden to Berlin.....	100
Berlin to Hamburg.....	168
Hamburg to Bremerhaven	90
Bremerhaven to New York	3,500
	27,816

**This book should be returned to
the Library on or before the last date
stamped below.**

**A fine of five cents a day is incurred
by retaining it beyond the specified
time.**

Please return promptly.

